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OF THE

UNITED STATES

BY

SAMUEL S. COX,

MEMBER FROM OHIO AND NEW YORK.

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Gradu diverso via una.

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208A

Stephen A. Douglas.

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

JULY 9, 1861.

MR. SPEAKER: Ohio is not separated from Kentucky, either in the estimate of Judge DOUGLAS, which has been so eloquently pronounced by the distinguished statesman [Mr. CRITTENDEN] who has just taken his seat, or in the grief which has been expressed for the premature closing of his illustrious career. That career closed with the opening of this eventful summer. It abounded in friendships, services, and ambitions. It ended while he was enjoying the tumult of universal acclaim, and when all felt the need of its continuance. Labor paused in its toil, bankers shut their offices and merchants their stores, lawyers and judges adjourned their courts, ministers added new fervor to prayer, partisans united in hushed regret, and soldiers draped the flag in crape, to bear their part in the great grief of the nation. He died in the midst of the people who had honored him for a generation; in the city whose growth had been fostered by his vigilance; in the State whose prairies were familiar to his eye from earliest manhood; and in that great Northwest, whose commercial, agricultural, physical, and imperial greatness was the pride of his heart and the type of his own character. There was in him a quick maturity of growth, a fer-

tility of resource, and a sturdiness of energy, which made his life the microcosm of that great section with which he was so closely identified. That mind which had few equals, and that will which had no conqueror, save in the grave, were at last wrung from his iron frame. It is hard to believe that he lies pulseless in his sepulcher at Cottage Grove. It is sad to feel that the summer wind which waves the grass and flowers of his loved prairies has, in its low wail, an elegy to the departed statesman. Well might the waters of the lake, just before his death, as if premonitory of some great sacrifice, swell in mysterious emotion. These poor panegyries, from manuscript and memory, fail to express the loss which those feel who knew him best. One would wish for the eloquence of Bossuet, or the muse of Spenser or Tennyson, to tell in the poetry of sorrow the infinite woe which would wreak itself upon expression. For weeks the public have mourned him as a loss so grievous as to be irreparable in this trying time of the Republic. The lapse of time only adds to the weight of the bereavement. The tears which fell around his bedside and on his bier still

Weep a loss forever new.

With every passing day we turn, but turn in vain, to catch his hopeful tone, his discriminating judgment, his philosophic foresight, and his courageous patriotism. They only come to us in memory and in mourning. His lips are sealed; his eye is dim; his brain is shrouded; his heart is still; and the nation stands with throbbing heart at his grave. "His virtue is treasured in our hearts; his death is our despair." It is no mere ceremonial, therefore, that the federal legislature, in whose counsels he has taken so prominent a part, should pause, even in extraordinary session, to bestow that homage which friendship, intellect, and patriotism ever offer to the true man, the gifted soul, and the enlightened statesman.

Judge DOUGLAS struggled into greatness. He had no avenue to honor except that which was open to all. The power and patronage which aided him, he created; and the wealth which he made and spent so freely, came from no ancestral hand. Part teacher and part cabinet-maker, he left the East for the ruder collisions of border life. There he grew up under the adversities which strengthened him into a vigorous and early maturity. His own manhood soon made itself felt. He became the political necessity of his State. He filled many of its most important offices before he became nationally known. The Democratic people of the Union were soon attracted to him. As early as 1848 they began to think of him as their candidate for President; while, in 1852, the Democratic Review hailed him as the coming man,—a man who had no grandfather or other incident of biographical puffery; as one whose genealogical tree had been sawed up; as a graduate from the university of the lathe; as one with the materials, the mind, and the energy to shape, fashion, and making enduring a platform of his own.

No notice of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS is complete which does not remark upon the singular magnetism of his personal presence, the talismanic touch of his kindly hand, the gentle amenities of his domestic life, and the ineradicable clasp of his friendships. It may not be improper to refer to the fact that I was one among the many young men of the West who were bound to him by a tie of friendship and a spell of enthusiasm which death has no power to break. These are the pearls beneath the rough shell of his political life. There are many here who will understand me, when I recall the gentle tone and the cordial greeting with which he used to woo and win and hold the young partisans of his faith, and the warm promoters of his success. Ever ready with his counsel, his means, and his energies, he led them as much by the persuasiveness of his heart as the logic of his head. The same gentle de-

meanor which fondled his children and taught them a beauty of manners beyond all praise, the same pure respect and tenderness with which he treated his noble wife and companion, silvered the cords of attachment which bound his friends to him, and made his home at Washington and his sojourns elsewhere recollections as sweet as memory can embalm.

While others bear testimony to his moral heroism, intellectual prowess, fixedness of principle, and unstained patriotism, it seems that his spirit, if it hovers over this scene of his obsequies, would receive with purest delight these tributes of friendly affection. I recall in my own experience, which runs with unbroken association of friendship with him from the first year of my political life, many of his acts of unselfish devotion; many words outspoken to the public, which the mere designing politician would not have uttered; many tenders of aid and counsel, which were the more grateful because unsought, and the more serviceable because they came from him. It is one of the felicities of my life that I have been the recipient of his kindness and confidence; and that the people whom I represent were cherished by him, as he was by them, with the steadfastness of unalloyed devotion.

It was his pleasure very often to sojourn in the capital city of Ohio, where, regardless of party, the people paid him the respect due to his character and services. Among the last of the associations which he had with Ohio was his address, a few weeks before his death, to the people at its capital, on the invitation of the State legislature. His stirring tones still thrill on the air, protesting for the right and might of the Great West to egress through our rivers and highways to the sea against all hostile obstruction, and for the maintenance of the Government, threatened by the great revolution which yet surrounds us. His last utterance was the fit climax of a life devoted to the study of this Government, and of a patriotism which never swerved from its love for the Union. It was worth

whole battalions of armed men. A word from him made calm from tempest, and resolved doubt into duty. His thought swayed the tides of public opinion as vassals to his will. After his hot contests in the Senate, during the first session of the last Congress; after his Harper essay in development of his political theories; after his heroic campaign in the South, closing at Norfolk in his courageous reply to the questions of the disunionists; after his struggles of last winter, when he strung his energies to the utmost in pleading for peace and conciliation; after all had failed, and secession stalked with haughty head through the land, and even jeoparded this metropolis of the nation, it was the consummate glory of his life to have given his most emphatic utterance for the maintenance of the Government, even though its administration was committed to his old political antagonist, and although he knew that such expressions imperiled the lives of a hundred thousand of his friends.

Scarcely with any of our public men can DOUGLAS be compared. The people like to compare him to Jackson, for his energy and honesty. He was like the great triumvirate—Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—but "like in difference." Like them in his gift of political foresight, still he had a power over the masses possessed by neither. Like Clay, in his charm to make and hold friends and to lead his party; like Webster, in the massive substance of his thought, clothed in apt political words; like Calhoun, in the tenacity of his purpose and the subtlety of his dialectics; he yet surpassed them all in the homely sense, the sturdy strength, and indomitable persistence with which he wielded the masses and electrified the Senate.

In the onslaught of debate he was ever foremost; his crest high and his falchion keen. Whether his antagonists numbered two or ten, whether the whole of the Senate were against him, he could "take a raking fire at the whole group." Like the shrouded Junius,

he dared Commons, Lords, and King, to the encounter; but unlike that terrible shadow, he sought no craven covert, but fought in the open lists, with a muscular and mental might which defied the unreasoning cries of the mob and rolled back the thunders of the Executive anathema!

DOUGLAS was no scholar, in the pedantic sense of the term. His reading was neither classical nor varied. Neither was he a sciolist. His researches were ever in the line of his duty, but therein they were thorough. His library was never clear from dust. His favorite volume was the book of human nature, which he consulted without much regard to the binding. He was skilled in the contests of the bar; but he was more than a lawyer—he easily separated the rubbish of the law from its essence. As a jurist, his decisions were not essays; they had in them something *decisive*, after the manner of the best English judges. As a legislator, his practicalness cut away the entanglements of theoretic learning and ancient precedent, and brought his mind into the presence of the thing to be done or undone. Hence he never criticised a wrong for which he did not provide a remedy. He never discussed a question that he did not propose a measure.

His style was of that plain and tough fiber which needed no ornament. He had a felicity in the use of political language never equalled by any public man. He had the right word for the right place. His interrogative method, and his ready and fit replies, gave dramatic vivacity to his debates. Hence the newspapers readily copied them, and the people retentively remembered them. Gleams of humor were not infrequent in his speeches, as in his conversation. His logic had the reach of the rifled cannon, which annihilated while it silenced the batteries of his opponents.

DOUGLAS was a partisan; but he never wore his party uniform when his country was in danger. His zeal, like all excess, may

have had its defect; but to him who observes the symmetry and magnanimity of his life, it will appear that he always strove to make his party conservative of his country. The tenacity with which he clung to his theory of territorial government, and the extension of suffrage, on local questions, from State to Territory, and the absolute non-intervention by Congress for the sake of peace and union, while it made him enemies, increased the admiration of his friends. His nature shines out with its loftiest grace and courage in his debates on these themes, so nearly connected as he thought them with the stability of the Republic.

If it be that every true man is himself a cause, a country, or an age; if the height of a nation is the altitude of its best men, then, indeed, are these enlarged liberalities, which are now fixed as American institutions, but the lengthened shadow of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. This is the cause—self-government in State and Territory—with which he would love most to be identified in his country's history. He was ready to follow it to any logical conclusion, having faith in it as a principle of repose, justice, and union. Placed at the head of the Territorial Committee, it was his hand which, on this basis, fashioned Territory after Territory, and led State after State into the Union. The latest constellation, formed by California, Iowa, Oregon, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and I may add Kansas, received their charter to shine and revolve under his hand. These States, faithful to his fostering, will ever remain as monuments of his greatness!

His comprehensive forecast was exhibited in his speech on the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, on the 4th of March, 1853; wherein he enforced a continental policy suitable and honorable to the New World and its destiny, now so unhappily obscured. That speech was regarded by Judge DOUGLAS as among the most valuable, as I think it the most finished and cogent speech of his life. His philippic against England, which to-day has its vindication in

her selfish conduct towards us, will remind the scholar of Demosthenes, while his enlarged philosophy has the sweep and dignity of Edmund Burke. It was this speech that gave to DOUGLAS the heart of young America. He refused to prescribe limits to the area over which democratic principles might safely spread. "I know not what our destiny may be. But," he continued, "I try to keep up with the spirit of the age; to keep in view the history of the country; see what we have done, whither we are going, and with what velocity we are moving, in order to be prepared for those events which it is not in the power of man to thwart." He would not then see the limits of this giant Republic fettered by treaty; neither would he in 1861 see them curtailed by secession. If he were alive to-day, he would repeat with new emphasis his warning against England and her unforgiving spite, wounded pride, and selfish policy. When, in 1847, he advocated the policy of terminating her joint occupation with us of Oregon, he was ready to back it by military force; and if war should result, "we might drive Great Britain and the last vestiges of royal authority from the continent of North America, and make the United States an ocean-bound Republic!"

With ready tact and good sense he brought to the fiscal and commercial problems of the country views suitable to this age of free interchange and scientific advancement. His position on the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate gave him a scope of view abroad, which was enriched by European travel and historic research, and which he ever used for the advancement of our flag and honor among the nations. His knowledge of our domestic troubles, with their hidden rocks and horrid breakers, and the measures he proposed to remove them, show that he was a statesman of the highest rank, fit for calm or storm.

Some have lamented his death now as untimely and unfortunate for his own fame, since it has happened just at the moment when

the politician was lost in the patriot, and when he had a chance to atone for past error by new devotion. Mr. Speaker, men do not change their natures so easily. The DOUGLAS of 1861 was the DOUGLAS of 1850, 1854, and 1858. The patriot who denounced this great rebellion was the patriot in every fold and lineament of his character. There is not a page of his history that we can afford to blot. The words which escaped him in the delirium of his last days—when he heard the "battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting"—were the key-note to a harmonious life. Observant of the insidious processes North and South which have led us to this civil war, he ever strove, by adjustment, to avoid their disastrous effects. History will be false to her trust if she does not write that STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS was a patriot of matchless purity, and a statesman who, foreseeing and warning, tried his utmost to avert the dangers which are now so hard to repress. Nor will she permit those who now praise his last great effort for the Union to qualify it by sinister reflections upon his former conduct; for thus they tarnish the luster of a life devoted, in peace and in war, to the preservation of the Union. His fame never had eclipse. Its disk has ever been bright to the eye of history. It sank below the horizon, like the sun of the Morea, full-orbed, and in the full blaze of its splendor. How much we shall miss him here! How can we, his associates, do without his counsel? No longer does the murmur go round that DOUGLAS is speaking in the Senate; no longer does the House become quorumless to listen to his voice! His death is like the dissolution of a political organism. Indeed, we could better afford to lose a sphere of stars from our flag; for these might wander to return. But DOUGLAS cannot be brought back to us. He who had such a defiant power, with the "thews of Anakim and the pulses of a Titan's heart," has gone upon a returnless journey. How much shall we miss him *now!* We

have so long regarded the political, social, geographical, and commercial necessities to which our Government was adapted as rendering it eternal, that its present condition calls for new and rare elements of statesmanship. Are we equal to the time and the trust? Oh! for a Clay, a Webster, a DOUGLAS, in this great ordeal of constitutional freedom! While the country is entangled by these serpents of revolution, we shall miss the giant—the Hercules of the West—whose limbs had grown sinewy in strangling the poisonous brood!

Who is left to take his place? Alas! he has no successor. His eclipse is painfully palpable, since it makes more obscure the path by which our alienated brethren may return. Many Union men, friends of DOUGLAS in the South, heard of his demise as the death knell of their loyal hope. Who, who can take his place? The great men of 1850, who were his mates in the Senate, are gone, we trust, to that better Union above, where there are no distracting counsels—all, all gone! All? No! thank Heaven! Kentucky still spares to us one of kindred patriotism, fashioned in the better mold of an earlier day—the distinguished statesman who has just spoken [Mr. Crittenden], whose praise of DOUGLAS living I loved to quote, and whose praise of DOUGLAS dead, to which we have just listened, "*laudari a viro laudato*," is praise indeed. Crittenden still stands here lifting on high his whitened head, like a Pharos in the sea, to guide our storm-tossed and storm-tattered vessel to its haven of rest. His feet tread closely upon the retreating steps of our statesman of the West. In the order of nature, we cannot have him long. Already his hand is outstretched into the other world to grasp the hand of DOUGLAS! While we have him, let us heed his warning, learn from his lips the lessons of moderation and loyalty of the elder days, and do all and do it nobly for our beloved Republic!

In conclusion, sir, we can only worthily praise STEPHEN A.

DOUGLAS by doing something to carry out the will which he left his children and his country:

Love and uphold the Constitution of the United States.

I speak it all reverently when I say that this was his religion. He had faith in that creed which believes in duty done in all the relations of this life.

I would not seek to disclose the future to which God has consigned him in the mysterious order of his providence; but such virtue as his cannot die. It begins to live most in death. Of it may be said, as the laureate of England sang, that transplanted human worth will bloom, to profit, otherwhere. The distinguished gentleman from Kentucky [Mr. Crittenden] has alluded to the fact that the mind of DOUGLAS expanded with his public service. It has been my own humble observation that he was one among the few public men who grew in moral height with mental breadth. Year after year inspired him with more of reverence and charity; while his "psalm of life" found expression in daily duty done. He never shrank from the dust and heat of active life. He most desired to live when dangers were gathering thickest. He would not ask from us to-day tears and plaints, but words which bear the spirit of great deeds, "tremendous and stupendous" efforts to save the Government he loved so well. We may toll the slow bell for his noble spirit; we may crape the arm in token of our woe; we may, while we think of the meannesses of our politics and the distractions of our country, congratulate him that he is wrapped in his shroud, forever safe in the memory of the just; but if we would worthily honor him, let us moderate the heats of party strife; enlarge our view of national affairs; emulate his clear-eyed patriotism, which saw no section his country, but loved all sections alike; and hold up his life, so fruitful in

wisdom beyond his years, for the admiration of the old; and picture him for the imitation of the young as that—

Divinely gifted man
Whose life in low estate began;
Who grasped the skirts of happy chance,
Breasted the blows of circumstance,
And made by force his merit known;
And lived to clutch the golden keys,
To mold a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;
And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of a world's desire!

But, sir, no language, either in prose or verse, can portray the greatness of his loss. His fame is printed in the hearts of the people. From the Green Mountains of his native State to the white tops of the Pacific Sierras, while the heavens bend above our land to bless it, the rivers roll and the mountains stand to unite it, or the ceaseless interchange of traffic and thought goes on by sea and rail, by telegraph or post—the people of America, from whose midst as a poor boy, by his own self-reliance he sprung, will preserve in the Pantheon of their hearts, to an immortal memory, the name of STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

Prof.e Morse.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE, LL. D.

April 16, 1872.

It is difficult, ladies and gentlemen, to be eulogistic and at the same time be just and discriminating. To speak fairly one must distinguish between the men who find ideas and found principles and those who adapt them to practical ends.

There are original forces, uncreated by man, but discovered by his science, which man modifies into varied forms of beauty and utility. They are a source of wonder and awe; but to the ordinary mind only such when symbolized into forms and machines. Man clothes these forces with a vesture, made of rude material, like iron and wood, and they are most useful and beautiful when benign and civilizing. He who harnesses matter by the "invention" is like him who does the fighting in war, when perhaps he never had an adequate idea of the real issues of the conflict. But still the fighter is the hero; the thinker must wait for some "great hereafter." Your Newtons and La Places in the celestial mechanism; your Aragos, Ampères, and Henrys in electro-magnetism, are not the temporary but the eternal heroes. The lesser but more useful intellect carries off the chaplet and sometimes the lucre. I would rather discover the law which rules the molecule than the law which adapts its force and gravity to a water-wheel or steam-engine.

The beautiful and hidden genii which reside in nature, the sprites of the river, the spirit of the vapor and lightning—the inner forces—are almost ideal; but the actual lives in the loom and spindle, the mill-stone, the thrashing-machine, and the telegraph!

Jacquard, the inventor of the loom—the poet of matter—awoke one morning with a machine out of his dream. He only desired to make better tools for his trade. Levers, pulleys, springs, and wheels made music to him in his sleep. He made the loom which paints our fabrics of silk, and all human nature, especially woman nature, recognizes him as its friend. He had another dream—this Jacquard. His punctured cards changed the labor of one-third of our race. He made by his genius a portrait or a landscape on a shawl or ribbon; but his other and costly dream was a machine to make nets. He desired to catch fish, this simple apostle. For this he was arrested, and there was no *habeas corpus* for him. He was brought from Lyons to Paris. The powers were afraid he would go to mercenary England with his invention. He was confronted with Napoleon and Carnot. The great war minister startled him by screaming: "Are you the man, sir, who can do what God Almighty cannot, tie a knot in a stretched string?"

If such a simple invention could startle Carnot into such an expression, what would he have said, then, if the invention of MORSE had flashed across his mind? Is there not a closer kinship between the supernatural and the telegraph than between the "stretched string" and the Almighty power? Magic pretended to control spirits, to read the future, to provide talismans, to sway the will, to make men invulnerable, to raise tempests, to master the devil, to create an elixir, and to give perpetual youth. Yet even these fables are as froth beside the substantial magic of the telegraph.

Men like Napoleon and Carnot did not understand the Lyons weaver. They were bent on other objects. He was simply bent on his dream and its realization. He was an illustration of the Oriental

word: "He came to his own, and his own received him not." From the time of our Savior to the time of Columbus this word has been verified. But MORSE is an exception. He came with his grand thought to his own; notwithstanding jeers and irony, his own—his own nation—received him kindly. It is the special honor of America that they first received and encouraged him in his hour of trial. It received this marvel, only next to the realization of a spiritual agency—this wonderful and magical art—this other miracle of a new gospel—the instantaneous transmission of missives to the "afar" by the lightning. The world is full of these mysterious agencies, which outdo the miracles of magic. We do not know but that the magnetic electric element is the viewless vinculum between our bodies and souls. I am no materialist, but I wonder if this element be not the cord—infinitely finer than the silken gossamer on the looms of the East—which binds spirit to matter. Miss Browning has said, and I give it for the young people here to ponder, that—

> Leave two clocks
> Wound up to different hours, upon one shelf,
> And slowly, through the interior wheels of each,
> The blind mechanic motion sets itself
> Athrob to feel out for the mutual time.

I have never tried this experiment, but there is something strange, something magnetic in the tremulous experiences of the lover, even if husband or wife, which are in harmony with all law, and which no law can sever—not even the divorce law of Indiana. I am the more persuaded of this by the philology of the French word magnetism. It is the word *aimentation*; from the word *aimer*, to love. It is attraction—a loadstone—the mysterious power by which hearts, even at a distance, and by missives, under oceans and over mountains, may commune and love.

Not to the poetic fancy, or to the *a priori* reasoner, do we owe the application of the mysterious agencies which surround and

influence us. We owe it to such practical men as SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

How best can the American people memorize his achievement? No friend of the great inventor will claim that he found the magnet, much less the subtle element that pervades it. No candid man can believe that the discovery of the magnet circuit or the exclusive origin of the telegraphic machine belongs to him. He never claimed it. The truths of science, briefly narrated, will illustrate his claim. It is enough to complete his fame, to state some of the truths of his gentle and laborious life.

May I be permitted briefly to rehearse his history, without injustice to his predecessors or contemporaries?

FACTS ABOUT PROFESSOR MORSE.

There was never a man who so took the world by the storm of contraries as SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE. His fame was his own rounded achievement. His greatness was not thrust upon him. It was not stumbled into by lucky accident. It was the legitimate and necessary result of his grandly co-ordinated powers, working to sublime ends. It is the peculiar felicity of his memory that due and sufficient credit can be given to every one connected with his discovery without detracting an iota from his own claims to greatness. When Volta experimentally demonstrated that electricity was a result of chemical action, and the regular product of the forces eliminated by decomposition, he not only made the electric telegraph possible, but he revealed to the world the existence of a new principle and source of power, the tenth part of whose wonderful functions has not been discovered or utilized.

It was in the winter of 1819 that the great Oersted made his discovery of the regularity of the electrical currents and the affinity between the spark elicited by the friction of amber and the current induced by the voltaic pile. Almost immediately Schweigger was

enabled to invent the galvanometer, and Arago to demonstrate the wonderful facts of magnetic induction.

These were among the beginnings in electric progress. What may in the future be the consummation of such efforts? In the judgment of those who know, who are scientists, electro-magnetism may not only be used as a motive power, but put to other uses which will again startle our race.

The faculty of increasing to an unlimited degree the intensity of the magnet and the tension of the current, by simply adopting a horseshoe form for the soft iron of the magnet and wrapping it about with an abundant coil of wire, was the next discovery made in electro-magnetism. It was the discovery of our own illustrious Henry. This done, the electro-magnetic telegraph became possible; nay, probable; nay, necessary. The great electro-magnet made by Henry in 1828, and set up in the museum of Princeton College, still asserts its miraculous powers by dragging a great mass of fifty-sixes, such as no magnets are called upon to lift in these degenerate days.

It was now that Ampère and Faraday came in, and, discovering a new branch of science, showed how the magnetic needle could be made to oscillate east and west in a regular and determinate fashion, to record, repeat, and perpetuate its vibrations at the dictation of the same coil which Henry had shown to be so powerful. Like the elephant's proboscis, it could draw a cork and pick up a pin with the same ease and grace that it could lift a ton.

Immediately, almost simultaneously, and out of the very necessities of scientific progress, we have a dozen, a hundred, telegraphic suggestions.

It detracts nothing from MORSE's merits—it adds very largely to his claims to real greatness—that he was not strictly a man of science, but a man of art. He went from the field of practice into the field of speculation, and accomplished more by his gleaning

than the whole tremendous array of reapers had found there. He was a man accustomed to deal peculiarly with results; for the tools and materials of the artist are all of them the results of applied intelligence and the products of human manufacture.

It is, of course, hyperbolical to say that if electric telegraphy had not been already invented, MORSE would have certainly discovered it; but it is sure that if this career had not opened before him he would have won eminence in some other career equally great, even if not equally conspicuous.

It is curious to notice how often this power and possibility to instantaneously transmit intelligence had been the subject of debate and experiment before the idea of it crossed MORSE's practical brain. We have instances that extend through the long course of two centuries, in respect to electric systems alone. As for other sorts of experimenting in telegraphy their name is legion, and their enumeration tediousness.

In electric telegraphy we have the attempts of Strada, in 1617, which are almost contemporary with the great and initial treatise of William Gilbert de Magnete, and long before the experiment of Caboeus and Boyle, and the discoveries of Otto Guericke.

If you must take Oersted, Ampère, Henry, and Faraday into the account of MORSE, we must go further. We must not reject or neglect either Gilbert or Newton, Boyle or Hawksbee, Grey or Desaguliers, Nollet or Monnier, or Franklin.

Señor Salva built a telegraph in 1798, from Madrid to Aranjuez, twenty-six miles, which enabled messages to be sent by the means of frictional electricity.

Unlike almost every other discovery of science, the electric telegraph was developed in advance of the methods necessary to perfect it. Hence the inadequacy of its earlier methods and later materials. In this respect our great MORSE was like Kepler. He invented his methods before he was sufficiently informed to be able to rationalize

his laws. His genius transcended his skill. His single brain compassed more than his studies had enabled him to derive from all the world that had lived before him.

Bain's electro-chemical telegraph is vastly more original, vastly more ingenious than MORSE's. But MORSE has succeeded and Bain has not succeeded. The practical world has pronounced in MORSE's favor; in fact, has dogmatically declared that it will have MORSE's system and none other. You may like Wheatstone's best, or Vail's, or Bain's, but the world, which pays the cost of telegraphy, chooses to have MORSE's. The MORSE system, if we are not misinformed, enables its operators to transmit one thousand words while the Bain, the House, and the other systems give facilities for only about two hundred. Consequently, MORSE's plan is at least five times as profitable to the companies as other plans.

The simplest facts of science are the confusion of wonder and the shame of the searchers for prodigies. When Puck announced that he would put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes, how could he have imagined that MORSE would come after him, and would develop a system by means of which a man may send a message to-day to Hong-Kong or Yokohama, which, after traveling thirty thousand miles, and being translated into a dozen languages, would reach its destination *yesterday* morning, while he was still enjoying his morning slumbers, and before he had even dreamed of the necessity that would presently devolve upon him of altering the currents of electricity and intelligence that flow through the Straits of Malacca, and rousing from sleep the quiet oysters of Chittagong.

These facts and conclusions, hastily collected, show that the man whose genius we celebrate deserves all that America, or the world outside of our hemisphere, has done to honor his memory. He has accomplished more than Franklin to realize the sublime verse:

Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrum que tyrannis.

He gave to the universal people the means of speedy and accurate intelligence, and so stormed at once the terrible castles of Giant Doubt and Giant Despair. He has saved time, shortened the hours of toil, accumulated and intensified thought by the rapidity and terseness of the electric messages. He has celebrated treaties. He makes war; for no battle can be fought without his instant aid. Go to the uttermost parts of the earth; go beneath the deep, deep sea; to the land where snows are eternal, or to the tropical realms, where the orange blooms in the air of midwinter, and you will find this clicking, persistent, sleepless instrument ready to give its tireless wing to your purpose.

In a volume which I have read on the *Télégraphie Électrique*, by Moigno, I find a splendid dedication to the great Arago. While it honors the names of Volta, Oersted, Ampère, and Faraday, and makes Arago the first to give certain effect to the "*aimentation momentanée*," it fails to note the name of MORSE. But since then the French, more generous than the English, have led the world to honor him, whose special honor to us is that we have the grace and thoughtfulness to honor him.

We honor him not alone for his achievement in mechanism, but for his beautiful and unselfish life. I hold in my hand a letter from Mr. A. G. Vermilye, of New York, to Dr. Prime, of the Observer, which shows that when the $80,000 was voted him by foreign powers he refused it, until persuaded by his friends that it was an honorary testimonial. He did not care nor expect to be rich. He only wore the badges and diamonds with which, as he was wont to say, he was decorated in deference to custom; for he was a simple man, of true American mold.

I am proud to say that the heart of this man was as big as his mind. He gave much more in proportion than he received. His charities had no limit outside of his means, and sometimes were not even restricted there. All who knew him loved him. Those who knew

him best not only honored him most, but loved him best. Our great Allston was his preceptor in art, but his debtor in friendship. Leslie looked up to him, honored, loved him. He was not soured by disappointment, nor did he lose his genial spirit nor his liberal hand by the force of detraction or long waiting. He brought the amenities with which art had acquainted him into the severe field of science, and, even when old, gray, and solicited by the strongest temptations that ever assailed a man, he refused to forget and ignore the principles he had learned to love. Whether in early life, painting, perhaps, for a living; or modeling a statue in England, under the eye of Allston; or plying his magnetic experiments in the University building at New York; or testing the daguerreotype; or supervising a Sunday-school in Paris; or contesting the British and other claimants to his invention; or asking a reluctant Congress for aid; or, at last, unveiling the statue of Franklin in Printing-House Square—in whatever sphere, under all skies and in all moods, he was a peerless man. In presence, he is comparable with our ideal of the patriarchal days; in character, as pure as the unspotted snows of the north; and in all aims, scientific, social, and Christian, as lofty as his faith in truth was resolute and devoted.

True, he was surrounded in life by anxieties and trials. The clouds of obscurity and adversity were about him, year after year, while he struggled; but he signally illustrated the verse of Festus:

> The clouds which hide the mental mountains,
> Rising highest heaven are full of finest lightning.

Now that he has gone above the clouds and mountains of earth; now that his spirit, perhaps, by intuitions as instant as his electric current, communes with the angels and beings of another sphere—those fleet messengers of the Almighty—may not the imagination be allowed to picture his reception in the Eternal City! May we not believe that, for one who has done so much to bind the earth in unity, there was new occasion on his advent for the choral welcome:

> Peace on earth, good will to men!

MR. SPEAKER MICHAEL C. KERR.

DECEMBER 16, 1876.

Mr. SPEAKER: The Representatives of thirty-seven independent States this day pause in their deliberations for the welfare of forty-five millions of people to offer to the memory of a great and good man the solemn anguish of a nation for its loss, and their sympathy with a family and constituency in their bereavement.

The lapse of time which heals up the green and bleeding wounds of sorrow, and which makes too often ceremonies like this the mere mockery of woe, has had no balm save that which preserves the recollection of our friend, no dew of refreshing save the sweet dew of his memory.

It is eminently fitting that this House should place upon the tomb of its late presiding officer, and the third officer of the Government, a civic crown!

The catalogue of American Representatives is a catalogue of mortality. Our political system has in it much of popular caprice, and more of providential vicissitude. Of those that were here when I first entered this Hall but four or five remain. As I look about this Hall I perceive one and only one of my Ohio colleagues [Mr. W. S. Groesbeck] who was a member of the Thirty-fifth

Michael C. Kerr

Congress; and he will share my thought and feeling. The first death which we were called upon to mourn was that of a beloved Southern statesman and soldier, John A. Quitman. Subsequently and how frequently have others fallen!

I feel almost isolated, standing between the many dead, who were friends, and the living who in a few years will be numbered with the dead; but in all these chances and changes of time it has been my lot to cheer and not to sadden. In the home and among kindred for two generations it was not for me to weep, but to dry the tear of others. When the great moan went up that Douglas was indeed dead, and in that solemn hour for the country, I came forth to the stricken men who surrounded my Ohio home to hear the last telegraph—not to mourn but to comfort them with hope. In the dark hour when the country was filled with battle-cries and blood, I lifted on high not the wail of Jeremiah, but the joy of Isaiah, in the hope that soon the waste places would be built up and the old leaf and bloom return with the spring. I tried to bring good tidings, to bind up the broken-hearted; and to them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

On another and recent occasion, and as the shadows gathered over the Rockbridge Mountains, it was my place to give what of comfort I could, by fringing the cloud with golden hope to the stricken. But on this occasion it is my privilege and my infinite relief to mourn as one who has not merely lost a friend, but as a citizen who has lost a compatriot, and, as a Representative, to deplore a brother who in this dire trial of our institutions is not with us to guide.

It may not be out of place here to say that, in spite of marked contrasts of character, I shared with Mr. KERR many of the burdens, studies, and sympathies of life. It was a sad pleasure to

stand with him at the last, on the shore of that vast ocean which he knew that he must sail so soon. Racked with more than mortal anguish in his last sickness; harassed with a false accusation which touched the very heart and marrow of his character; his body shrinking and shrinking to the very imagery of death the skeleton; yet his spirit was as calm as a still, sweet morning, as it rises above yonder azure mountains where he died, and his will as firm as their rocky base. Unappalled by the terrors of the unknown world, he passed away out of the beautiful valley where he sojourned into the valley of the shadow. Naught remained but the mere phantom of a body. This was borne to his home in Indiana. The theme over his remains was well chosen: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Until the last flower faded from the earth around his home, loving crowds thronged to the cemetery, and every Sabbath his friends and constituents made their pilgrimages to lay, with their sympathy, immortelles upon his grave.

He died at the Alum Springs, West Virginia. It is an old resort, an intervale of beauty, a charming little park sweetly embosomed in the Blue Ridge; a lonely spot, with now and then a habitation, but with a bracing air, a splendid forest, and grand mountains. There is a primeval quietude there, almost a summer-afternoon feeling, as if the lotus-eaters of Tennyson had made it a resort aloof from the cries of people that do come and go. The only noise is that of murmuring waters. It was amid these solemn silences that his last weeks and hours were passed. It was amid those remote and pleasant nooks of nature that God unloosed his weary star. His was no sudden call. All preparations possible, secular and spiritual, were made by his own direction. The silver cord was not cut hurriedly, nor the golden bowl broken in an instant. No holocaust of fire snapped his life's cord suddenly. The cord was gently untied; the golden bowl melted away as if it

were a scarf of vapory amethyst, or rather as the light fades away from the firmament at the coming on of evening mild. Just as the sun went down, his spirit peacefully departed. The pearl dropped from its wasted shell as the sun passed behind the mountain. There he lay in the lap of a lovelier nature, by stiller streams and fairer meadows than we are wont to fancy in some blest Aready; but when death came it seemed to make the beauty of the mountains as barren as the desert; the flowers, leafage, rocks and hills lost their charm, the breeze its freshness, the song of birds its music, and the sweet shine of the sun was all joyless.

> But in the mountains did he feel his faith.
> All things responsive to the writing there
> Breathed immortality, revolving life,
> And greatness still revolving—infinite.
> There littleness was not; the least of things
> Seemed infinite.

What was that faith? I could not speak truly and say it was the accepted dogmas of any church. He could no more be a mystygogue than a demagogue. If he could not accept all that was written about the Savior, he fully sanctioned and truly lived up to the code of morals which Christ gave. He believed an honest man to be the best Christian. His plan of life was to get all the knowledge he could, and use it in doing all the good he could.

Though his life may have seemed to some reserved, yet his austerity was but the visor which concealed generosity, tenderness, and trustfulness. He sympathized with all men, and only repelled those who were exacting and dishonest. His faith was in honest work; it was this that made his home a sacred spot, refined and beautiful, ennobled by delightful intimacies and old-fashioned hospitality. It is not a new standard by which he regulated his life. *Laborare est orare*, is as old as the fathers of the church. That he made integrity his religion, work his orison, and truth his idolatry,

is only repeating the written words of the wise and good of all ages. He wrought

> With human hands, the creed of creeds
> In loveliness of perfect deeds.

To be kind to the widow and fatherless was one of his canons; and this man never in his profession would receive a reward for serving them! To be faithful to his public trust; and this man no more flinched from uttering unpopular than worthy thoughts. Pericles in his last illness said: "No Athenian in consequence of any action of mine had ever put on mourning." Mr. KERR could truthfully say the same in a better sense.

When I went at his request to Virginia and to his bedside, and after delivering the messages from his friends here, I asked him if he were ready to meet the unseen world. With a glance of gentleness, and a pressure of my hand, he declared that he was ready. We talked of the mysterious realm. His faith was abiding that in that future there was reward for a just life here. As he said, half playfully, he stood upon his record.

It was this pious probity which he impressed upon his people, upon Congress, upon his own life, and upon his son. It had its source in the heart as well as the head. This is especially observable in the care which he gave to his son's tuition, even to the last hours of his life. He seldom left his house on his return from his office. As has been so well said by his colleague [Mr. Hamilton], who offered these resolutions, he scarcely mingled with the masses of the people, even his own constituents, but with kind cheerfulness was wont to retire to his home and library. There he studied his favorite authors, examined his son in the studies of the day, and filled up each hour with some useful thought or exercise. The speech of Plato to the Athenians he expressed in his life: "For the glory of parents is an excellent and an honorable treasure to their children, making up for the lack of possessions and dignities."

"*Dos est magna parentium virtus.*" (Hor. Od., xxiv, lib. 3.) May I not read the record of his last advice to his son to illustrate the paternal care and gentle worth of this our best representative man?

A few days before his death Mr. KERR had a conversation with his son, in the course of which he said: "I have nothing to leave you, my son, except my good name. Guard it and your mother's honor, and live as I have lived." He further said: "Pay all my debts, if my estate will warrant it without leaving your mother penniless. Otherwise pay what you can, and then go to my creditors and tell them the truth, and pledge your honor to wipe out the indebtedness."

The source of this man's power was not altogether intellectual; it was in the affections. What a void has been made in his western home!

Who can tell the anguish of the bereaved! Even the delights of the old home in the West intensified it. "She was at home," writes the bereaved son of the widowed mother, "among friends; but she could not feel at home, for *he* was not there. Everything suggested father to her. Something would requicken her sorrow. The finding of an old letter, the half-read book with the mark of leaving off, and all those thousand ever-recurring, inconsiderable reminders that keep the heart of sorrow painfully darkened by the shadow of him who has gone; these things lengthened out and intensified the grief till the burden became too hard to bear." For such human agony there is no compensation in the honors and preferments of our life. The current of domestic bliss which once flowed so calmly, reflecting the very heavens on its mirrored bosom, when thus overshadowed—where is the adequate return in the plaudits and honors of men? To wait and wish, and to hear no step, no voice of husband and father; the olden aid, which directed, supported, and comforted, gone,—gone; no advent to glorify the gloom—this is to the overworn and wearied watcher what mere mechanism of tongue or pen cannot express. Expression only be-

numbs the soul of such griefs as these. Our tears freeze at the fountain, our sympathies die in the attempt to express them.

History and oratory have been spent in haranguing about the heroes of war. Military genius and renown have been themes of encomium to quicken patriotism and endear private virtues. In the funeral orations over the dead Greeks who fell in fight, Mars alone received apotheosis. We have orations by Pericles, Lysias, and Plato preserved in the crystal beauty of Thucydides. All the muses and graces do obeisance to the solemn rapture of the eloquent hour when in graceful periods and imperishable language the orator came forth from the monument, ascended the tribunal, and, with panegyric beyond the reach of modern art, displayed the virtues of the dead. But these eulogies were in praise only of martial glory. Only once do I recall the words of an inspired Greek, forgetting for a moment the custom of the time, admonishing the people "that the whole earth was the sepulcher of renowned men," whether renowned for honorable exertion in war or peace. It is the old vaunting story of the Bible even: "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands." The helmet, the plume, the spear, the sword, the onset—these are the themes of classic funeral eloquence. Men are prone to forget what has been done by the gifted and great whose associations were those of art, literature, benevolence, and science. We seldom remember long those whose lives were rounded with the humility of good deeds and gentle affections. Men rear monuments and arches to the captains of armies, rarely to the leaders of opinion. Few mounds of green turf remain to recall the great thoughts which lived in the heroic lives of such men as Plato, Newton, Saint Xavier, Howard, or Cobden. Monuments to military men overshadow these little hillocks on whose breast tears fall and over whose dust blossoms cluster. Rome has her arch to Titus, her column of Trajan. The grave of Agamemnon has been found and

glorified by a German scholar; and the exhumed Atridæ are more honored by emperors and kings than the blind bard who sung their praises along the Ægean.

But, thanks to a better civilization, even the successful general to-day must have something more than the brute instinct which led Pelissier to smoke the Kabyles in their caves. He must have more than the engineering skill of Todleben and Von Moltke. He must have that knowledge of human nature by which to rule men, not merely in the ranks, but in the senate, in the forum, and among the masses. He must be, as was said of Wellington, something more than a commissary or clerk. He must minister to peaceful states; he must think like lightning, and strike with its vehemence and fatality for tranquil homes and human happiness in great crises; he must have the gentle amenities of culture along with the heart of the hero. Above all, he must have inwoven like threads of light the patriotic devotion which sees in his country's flag a symbol of order and unity and in his country's civil glory his highest hope and inspiration. The legends and songs, flags and heraldry, with their beasts and boastings, show through all time that prowess in the encounter of body with body is the barbaric yet universal code of honor. But when the sword of patriotism is jeweled in the hilt with civil virtues, then a Washington rescues the mere wager by battle from its irrational fame, and gives added glory to the gem and new splendors to the magisterial sword!

May something, sir, be pardoned to the spirit of eulogy, when I say that these elements of true grandeur found a rare combination in MICHAEL C. KERR?

Patient in study, gentle yet firm in his feelings and determinations, inspired with the courage of true patriotism, defying, as he did, the mob with the same energy with which he analyzed a tariff or denounced an exacting monopoly—arranging, classifying, assimil-

ating details for practical service, making his conscience his religion—he stands, more than most of the men who have taken part in our councils since the war, as an exemplar of intelligent and fearless, pure and gentle patriotic duty. Yet he was not all judgment, else he would not have been a patriot; he was not all passion, else he would not have been a statesman. In debate, as in private talk, he had at times great vehemence of manner and great intrepidity in action. He did not toss his thoughts about easily; he was at times timid in their utterance till thoroughly assured by patiently marshaling them, and then he was eloquent. Spurning traditions and legends, believing in no law not revocable; not anxious to force men to do what he thought was best for them; with a noble rage at wrong and a disgust of parasites, he would add no largess to bad gains and greeds. What were the meshes of old custom to his fresh, inquiring mind? While he never turned away from a new truth, while he had no respect for mere antiquity, while he would clear away the lush growth over our select shrines of duty, he reversed the ancient ways of the Constitution and all its muniments with the ardor of a neophyte. Sensitive to every point of honor, he was not less careful of his own fame when assailed by perjury than of the financial and patriotic honor of his country.

But, sir, while the contemplation of his character is no compensation for his loss, it is not less instructive than proper for us to know the sources of that magic which won the support of his constituency and the preferments of this Congress. The secret of this talismanic power lay in the discipline of his mind. He was an example, by no means uncommon in this country, of one who was strengthened by wrestling with adversity. The first half of his life was a struggle with poverty, the last with disease. Rising above the trammels of early life, he thought more of brain than of brawn. Desiring a larger range of usefulness and ambitious of thorough education, he struggled out of difficulty into a

profession where his naturally keen, analytic mind had full play. He was not only a good lawyer and advocate, but his mind had a judicial cast, which he would no doubt have illustrated in the chair had he lived, and for which rare trait he was selected as the reporter to the supreme court of Indiana. He believed in settled principles of authority binding as firmly as the pagan gods were bound by the decree of fate. But while he loved law, he loved liberty. As a Massachusetts scholar has said, "he loved them together," and because, like the nitrogen and oxygen of the atmosphere, they give vitality when combined in proper proportions.

To my mind he does not rate so highly as the lawyer, only because he was more of the scholar and the statesman. His pre-eminence in the last character came from his constant preparation in the first. Every speech of his was a study, a treatise. When he spoke on matters connected with the laws of wealth, trade, and currency, his lucid and cogent style was not more remarkable than his abundant information.

How was this preparation made? He seldom read works of fiction or frivolity. The weightier and more solid authors were to his taste and preference. He never read but one or two novels, and those in the last of his life. George Eliot's Adam Bede attracted him because it endeavored to solve problems of social science. He seldom read poetry, save Homer's Iliad and Milton; though Shakespeare was always near him, and the Bible frequently consulted. In this respect he was not unlike Tristem Burgess, the orator of Rhode Island. He never intertangled the roses of poetry with the bearded grain of his philosophy. Still he was a great reader of books. His first act when he came to his home from the office was to take up an unfinished book. He left a library of twenty-five hundred volumes, each bought one by one, read, marked, and digested. His library is full of standard works on political economy, to which he always added more, almost until the day of his death.

For a man apparently so uncongenial and cold, the liberalties of his culture, taste, and logic are remarkable. He excluded no volume, however heterodox or orthodox, from his library or his mind. Jefferson was his ideal of a statesman and Webster of an orator. Pictures of both hang in his library. His scrap-book was kept for the "best thoughts" of the fathers, as he called them. No ethical or partisan bias controlled his reason. You will see in his library Rénan's life of Jesus huddling close to McCosh's Evidences of Christianity; Tyndall shakes hands with Paley; Draper's Religion and Science stands by Buckle's History of Civilization; Barnes's Notes keep company with Tom Paine; Jefferson and Madison are almost inbound with Hamilton and Jay; Henry C. Carey lies between Wayland and John Stuart Mill to bridge the abyss between free trade and protection. Friends and enemies were alike welcome to his mind, and he tested them all in the crucible of his reason.

Out of this abundant reading he was enabled, by his method, his regularity and discipline, to evoke general thoughts for practical life. By his masculine understanding, steady perseverance, and unwearied resolutions he rose above illness, professional avocations, and the local demands of his constituency to a higher plane than most statesmen. This element of persistency belonged to his natural traits of character. It was illustrated during his life. It was illustrated in the chair, in the struggle with disease, to fill his duty. It was illustrated in the last hours of his tenacious life, for his reason remained unimpaired to the end.

I have said that his reason and conscience were his religion. It was his habit to submit everything to this test. He squared his life with scrupulous reasons. No temporal interest of his own or that of his family swerved him from following this guiding element of his character.

He was a scholar; he was a disciple of the positive philosophy, devoted to the tenets of Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Compte, and

Buckle. His political science was drawn, as most political science is, from those of similar philosophic inclinations. Jeremy Bentham was his teacher, consciously or unconsciously. His ideas were not transcendental, but utilitarian. The bent of his mind was increased by his studies in this school of philosophy, but there was no unreasoning skepticism in his character.

Despite his unwillingness to believe in anything miraculous or improbable, his heart was reverential before the great Omniscience. With him reason was the first born, and, though twin with faith, both inherited the blessing. If he had any bias in his mind it was toward reason, though his faith walked timidly hand in hand with it. It is said that the sun is reason, while faith is the lesser orb that shines by night. MICHAEL C. KERR made the great light to rule his busy day. How far the lesser ruled in the contemplations of the night only God knows. If faith shines only so long as she reflects some faint illumination from the brighter orb, what casuistry shall discard this man's religious nature from the shrine of a true religion?

It is not necessary to renew the scenes of his death-bed here and now. Only this may be said, from competent medical authority, that rarely has one of our race been gifted with such a tenacity of life. He lived after his pulse ceased to beat. This fact may serve somewhat to account for the positiveness of his purposes in life and the positive philosophy to which his intellect inclined.

He was a democrat on principles fixed by his studies and philosophy, I was about to say by his religion. Yet (as has been truly said) he was averse to the rough encounters of the hustings. It was difficult to induce him to speak outside of his neighborhood. Once in New York he promised to talk for five minutes to my friends, but when on his feet, and with an audience sympathizing with his free-trade ideas, he held the audience for two hours in one great plea for his favorite liberalities of commerce and against the

mercenary inequalities of protection. These were his favorite themes to illustrate his general political ideas. They were to him an enthusiastic sentiment—his principle of action. He traveled abroad to study them. He came to Congress to give them vigor and effect.

He was averse to the crowd. When writing to him about my representative visit, as Speaker *pro tempore*, to the great exposition, he expressed his regret that he did not see the grand engine and its wonderful ramifications of harnessed forces; but at the same time he said that he shrank from such throngs like the sensitive plant before the human touch. Yet his political thoughts were ever "broad, based upon the people's will." His dissection of the questions growing out of reconstruction and the Southern ballot, which had been to him a special study, shows the ultimate scorn of a mind utterly hating fraud and the lofty patriot who reverenced all sections and respected all rights. It is said that the spectroscope reveals that there is a star which burns gold for its illumination. By a wonderful coincidence it is the distant star Aldebaran, far off in the group of Hyades, which the Rosicrucians, who sought to transmute all metals into gold, worshiped. That star was their fateful genius for inspiration and alchemy. Not less precious to him than if it were a star of gold was each State, distinct in individuality and like to each other in a common right, interest, and destiny, whether shining near or far!

Oh, that God would raise up for our instruction and guidance other men of the same exalted type of American manhood—men as just, other haters of corruption as earnest, other tribunes of the people as peerless and fearless, and other statesmen as lofty and pure in patriotic devotion! When, sir, I perceive the emblem of mourning over the seat he so lately occupied, shrouding our ensign, the omen is sadly portentous and painfully suggestive. Were he with us in this hour of our solicitude, I know, sir, that he would not fail with courageous counsel. He would revive the heroism of

that parliamentary band before which royal prerogatives cowered, when before the privilege of the Commons and its stanch Speakers the bills of right of a free people were made paramount to the thunders of the throne!

His fame was not quenched by death—only his opportunity. It was said by Theodore Parker of Samuel Adams that he was not in one sense a Christian man, but one of Plutarch's men. So was MICHAEL C. KERR. His human worth can only be reckoned by the gravity of his loss to us in this perilous and anxious trial for the stability and genius of the Government. If Liberty through his death has lost from this hall of the people one of her purest devotees; if Liberty, like Algernon Sydney, must go to the scaffold, yet from the scaffold she will ascend to another sphere where there is a better code of justice and right; and there in that realm who will give her less stinted welcome than the immortal spirit of MICHAEL C. KERR!

Under such patriotic thoughts as were his, still surviving death, our country may cease from its passionate discord. Then peace will bind our States as sheaves are bound in the harvesting, season after season, till the latest generation. You, Mr. Speaker, and ye who are your brothers in these exalted trusts, ye who have the keeping of this bruised and broken land, can ye not all rise under the admonition of such a life as our late Speaker lived into a higher sense of duty and a more self-sacrificing patriotism? Can we not encompass our beloved land around with a wall of fire that will not burn, but guard? Shall we not do this before its grave yawns; that grave where there is no work, nor knowledge, nor device, nor wisdom? Thus faithful unto death in our trusts, as he was, may we not have the promise of a crown of everlasting life, which I trust in God he wears?

JULIAN HARTRIDGE.

JANUARY 9, 1879.

It is a wise as well as a kindly custom to honor our departed members. When that clock points to the inevitable hour devoted to memory and eulogy, the conflict of opinion, the storm of contention, and the turbulency of legislation cease. Through the rifted clouds shines a serene and purer sky. What if the encomiums we offer are couched in formal phrase; what if sometimes they become too trite and general, and fail to allure the ear in this Chamber, where sensations are masters of elocution; what if in laudation we become indiscreet and exaggerative—still the custom is one ever to be reverently observed, as well for its benignity to ourselves and its solemnity upon our deliberations as for the proper honors to the dead and for the encouragement of the living.

What is the lesson it teaches? What, after all, is the glory which so attracts us? The answer comes even in the voice of the Epicurean:

> It is an echo, a dream; nay, the shadow of a dream, dissipated by every wind, and lost by every contrary breath of the ignorant and ill-judging. You fear not that even death shall ravish it from you; but behold! while you are alive calumny bereaves you of it; ignorance neglects it; nature enjoys it not; *Fancy* alone, renouncing every pleasure, receives the airy recompense, empty and unstable as herself.

No one dreamed that, after the many deaths in our body, this friend would be the next. As we heard our daily roll-call and

looked upon our catalogue, he bid as fair as any for longevity in the chances of life. Ah! it was a sad pen which inscribed the name of JULIAN HARTRIDGE, of Georgia, upon the "yearly scroll of fate."

It was a sad fate that left him in the midst of his noble career withered like a leaf on a summer's tree before the autumn or winter came to chill and blast. Almost before we were through with the obsequies of others his parting knell sounded, and we bore him away to the endearing circle which received him so lovingly in his beautiful southern home.

Various are the relations we sustain to each other in this House. It would take a Psyche to assort and arrange the "confused seeds" out of which have grown so many and such endearing relations of regard and affection. Some of us live here under the same roof; some serve on the same committee; some take the same side on favorite themes; some have had in our changeful American life mutual friends who have brought them together; some are knit to each other by association in their own States; and others, though far distant, share early and delightful reminiscences, and among them that one which springs radiant out of the morning of life, enhanced and beautified by college partialities and studies.

The relation which drew me to JULIAN HARTRIDGE was the last one. We were as far apart as Ohio and Georgia, where our parents lived; yet we became children of the same parent in New England. Our *alma mater* was Brown University. I was his elder in the college, graduating two years in advance of him; but not the elder in that sedateness and reserve which is supposed to mark the years by this disposition, and which give even to the young a strength that maturity does not bestow. It was this college memory of our *alma mater* which quickened and preserved our friendship here.

Having reached the stadium of a half century of years, memories of early associates become more distinct and interesting. As I

look back to those early days they return with their relict radiance and enchantment, like a dawn, all opaline in the sky, all diamond on the grass, all auroral with a joyous splendor, through which glimmers a mist of tears for those who shared their joyousness, and who one by one fall and fade. As our years "slope waning down the arch," these hopes and illusions, as now and here, become memory.

Others may speak of JULIAN HARTRIDGE as a husband and father, of his affectionate heart and tender sensibilities, and of his domestic ties. These, with all his reserve, he could not conceal. Do we not recall his tremulous and tearful tribute to his old colored nurse, spoken from yonder desk? It was a perilous theme in this House, too often elusive in its irreverent mirth. Others may speak of him as citizen, soldier, lawyer, and man, filling with uprightness and honesty all the relations to family, client, state, and society. It is mine to speak of him as a scholar, as one whose mental characteristics were, as he often told me, molded and inspired by our grand teacher, Dr. Francis Wayland, and the corps of admirable professors associated with him at Brown University.

In making up manhood, much may be attributed to hereditary causes, much to early parental guardianship and care, but more to the discipline and knowledge which education gives. Who shall underrate the beneficence, not to speak of the advantages, of education?

It has been well said that "it is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no crime can destroy, no enemy can alienate, no despotism enslave. At home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, and in society an ornament. It chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once grace and government to genius; without it, what is man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage."

It is customary with some to depreciate scholarship. There are those who find in its pedantry some sort of compensation for their

own want. Even those who are accomplished sometimes affect to despise its attainments.

Truly, it is not alone or chiefly by books that manhood is made. Was it not Carlyle who said that "a man perfects himself by work more than by reading"? But he was discriminating; for he gave the meed of praise to that growing kind of men that combine the two things wisely, and who valiantly do what is laid to their hand in the present sphere and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things if such be before them.

This was the education which gave us the scholarship and intellect of JULIAN HARTRIDGE. It was peculiar to Brown University. It was the educational system of Dr. Wayland. It lay in the power of analysis. It was the dissection of a subject into its constitutent parts, to form a complete and rounded whole; *teres atque rotundus*. It was the remark of Professor Greenleaf, of Cambridge, that in the first recitation he could tell where his law students graduated; but he always marked those of Brown, because of this special training in analysis. Certainly the members of the Judiciary Committee of this House, and the courts and bar of Georgia, in recognizing the cogent advocate must have seen how his finer susceptibility was kept in training and in *stamina* by this early discipline.

What were his favorite books and studies, and what his recreations, what his habits in college life, it may be curious if not useful briefly to recall, although they do not infallibly indicate the subsequent life. How few of the ambitions of college days are realized, how few of their cherished designs are carried out! How frail in after years seem those sustaining illusions and enrapturing enthusiams which spring like fountains out of the rocks of study, all pure, crystalline, and iridescent! It was the verdict of JULIAN HARTRIDGE's college mates that although he was reserved and made but few acquaintances and had but few companions and confidants, he was ever

courteous and kind, chivalric, and true to his convictions. This reserve seemed to some to have an air of hauteur, but we who knew him understood him better. Perhaps it came from a certain isolation in the college growing out of sectional feeling, which even then had permeated our institutions of learning.

Whatever he did he did well. His dilatoriness and laxity of effort at times seemed to be filled up by an excellence when he was aroused which must have been the fruit of abstraction and meditation. Though he may not have stood as high as some others in his class, sometimes failing outright, yet what he did was perfected, like a cameo cut by a practiced hand, with an exquisite sensibility to the beautiful. He was regarded, in spite of certain shortcomings, as a brilliant scholar; and especially brilliant in the art of rhetoric. Those who have heard him here will not be surprised that his fancy, his susceptibility, his southern ardor, chastened and curbed by discipline, gave him facile grace and elevated genius in oratory. His junior speech in 1848 was on the "Superstitions of the Highlands." One of the professors remarked of it that never, in essay or speech, had he listened to such a warm and glowing tribute as that paid to Robert Burns and his religion of humanity.

He was very happy with his pen, writing with fluency and fervor, but he was most felicitous in oratory. No one doubted his power. In his speaking he had that dash, that *élan* which is characteristic of the gifted Southerner. There was in his voice an indefinable magnetism over an audience that held them as in a spell, as he "graced the noble fervor of the hour." He had the natural endowment of the orator who is born, not made. No one in his class so fascinated and thrilled. This was doubtless the secret and select compensation he chose for any indifference to other branches of culture. I have wondered that he did not more frequently display this rare gift in this House. Perhaps in his modest regard of himself he underestimated its charm. He took no pains to excel in class-room work,

and graduated with moderate rank; but all agreed that he was no idler. He was a diligent reader, especially of history and historical fiction. All agreed that his was a mind of unusual brilliance, but few then anticipated that he would erect so solid and superb a structure on the hard science of the law.

We who served here with him know how partial he was to his State, his section, and its institutions and history. Even in his college days these local feelings were very marked. They were encouraged by his habitual reserve in a New England State. One of the freaks which grew out of them illustrated the intensity of his local pride. When the class of "moral science" lingered three weeks in debate over the slavery question he persistently refused to recite during that time, because he would not repeat Dr. Wayland's sentiments as expressed in the text-book. Luckily, the State of Roger Williams and the university which was founded on the principles of toleration expressed in its charter passed this by as a pardonable element of the *genius loci*, which is not peculiar to any section.

That which first gave to Dr. Wayland his fame was not his peculiar methods of teaching; it was his tractate on "Responsibility." If his scholars were not impressed by him with this idea, in its highest meaning, it was from an inborn obduracy in the scholar. He taught us that it was the gravitation of the moral universe; that intellectual beings were moral agencies; and that they must have this virtue or be sundered from God's universe. Without it the ruler is a tyrant, the judge a despot, the legislator a charlatan, and the philosopher an empiric. It is the strength and the ornament of the soul. Without it what are the rudiments, vestments, and culture of the mind?

What his constituents and his State loved in JULIAN HARTRIDGE was this sense of accountability and his recognition of it as duty. Imbedded in his nature, which never knew a dishonest thought, and along with his mental habitudes, was the moral genius implanted by our great teacher, whom the sons of Brown University ever delight

to revere. It was this mental power and moral rectitude which JULIAN HARTRIDGE bore away from the city of Providence when he began the active labors of his profession and filled the offices with which his people intrusted him. Practical education is not obtained by book or by recitation. Few who leave their imprint on the world are thus educated. There is a self-education that only collision with others can give. Nay, this conflict must uneducate often to re-educate for practical duty. There are cloistered virtues which ponder the problems of this and the other life, but it is in the heat and dust of active life where the guerdon of fame is won.

Lord Bacon says—

> Certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with one another; he tosses his thoughts more easily; he marshaleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation.

It was in the collisions of the forum, of the court, and the legislature, and in the fierce arena of debate, when one mind sharpeneth another by the cunning of logical fence, that this commanding power was developed and increased in our friend.

Coming thus equipped for service here, may we not say that he has kept with studious heed his faith to the oath he took to our organic law? He stood here for all the muniments, limitations, rights, and powers of the Constitution as it was and is. He knew well their meaning, and had no timidity in following the needle which pointed to the haven designated in the articles. He desired to restore to the nation the hallowed and healing spirit of mutual confidence and conciliation. When he came hither he brought no mental or moral reservation. Indeed, he was, as his report on the reopening of the Presidential matter in this Congress showed, conspicuously conservative in many senses of the peace and contentment of the people.

I have said that Mr. HARTRIDGE had a dainty and refined sensibility. It was not limited to taste in art or in literature. He was fond of flowers, and especially of those rare flowers which are of tropical origin. The Brazilian orchids, in our Botanic Garden, were his delight. They are the offspring of perpetual summer. They cling to the trees and blocks of wood, and feed not upon the soil, but upon the moist and heated air. Their variety and brilliance of color and exquisite aroma are said to excel all the productions of the floral kingdom. Their habits belong to the atmosphere and not to the earth, and their formation is a portrayal of the entire scope of animated nature, including a mimic caricature of the human species. There is one in the Botanic Garden, known to science as *Cattleya Warscewiczii*, which excels all of its numerous tribes. It was this flower which my friend was accustomed to watch. He visited the garden again and again to observe the development of its gorgeous blossoms. It decorated his desk and casket on the occasion of his obsequies. I thought he would love to have his favorite in life near to him in death. No poet has yet sung of this airy, exquisite flower. The rose and lily have had their minstrels, but no muse has yet attempted to express the delicate loveliness of this paragon of beauty, whose hue outblanches the lily and outblushes the rose. If fancy were allowed some license, something in our friend's character and culture might be found symbolized in this flower. Its variety; its luxuriance; its honeyed wealth, which, from its constitution, no insect can touch without death; its isolated growth amid lofty tropical trees, to which it clings like a bird of many-colored plumage; its unsullied purity amidst the surroundings of fen and marsh, are emblems of his rare excellence, his exuberant imagination, his sweetness of disposition, his superiority to the little annoyances of daily life and to the temptations which beset us in pursuing the duties and ambitions of our political life. His very

reserve and isolation, his "high-built genius"—above the groveling matters of earth—give, like his favorite flower, a fragrance to his memory which embalms it forever in the heart.

The community where he lived was paralyzed by the suddenness of their calamity. They could scarcely realize that the music of his voice, which melted them with pathos or convinced them with reason, was hushed forever. They had expected that their favorite would have been preferred to other honors than those which belong to Georgia here. Little did they expect that their beloved Representative would end his existence before that service was ended. Little did they expect that only his inanimate form would return to them. There was some solace for their loss in the honors which this House and the country paid their Representative; but it was indeed a somber day for the city of Savannah when the body of JULIAN HARTRIDGE was borne to them.

In the State of Georgia few men since the day of her great statesman, William H. Crawford, have been so distinguished and beloved. All classes of all races and all professions—soldier, civilian, and citizen—united in swelling the chorus of praise and contributing their sorrowing sympathy. Even as the *cortege* passed through the city bearing him to his last resting-place, the mosses which drape the oaks of the forest added their funereal sadness to the scene.

That gentle spirit has departed from us. While thinking of him sterner eyes than mine will well with tears over his departure. The college boy, the legislator, and the friend, these are my bereavement; others may miss a life-long friend, a trusted counselor, a kind father, and loving husband, and Georgia will miss one of her leading lawyers and statesmen. All the meshes which have been woven around his daily life to bind him earthward are sundered, but only sundered to be rewoven, we hope, in the better country, where "the silver cord is never loosed, nor the golden bowl ever broken."

Prof. Joseph Henry.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH HENRY.

JANUARY 16, 1879.

WE have found by recent sad experiences in this Hall that death is no respecter of persons. Neither is he a respecter of seasons. He may choose the merriest month for the saddest bereavement. In May last, when the sun was warm, the sky blue, the flowers in bloom, and the trees luxuriant in leaf, he entered yonder quaint structure secluded amid its greenery and bore away one of our rarest minds and purest men. By one fatal wrench of his skeleton hand a splendid career of eighty years was closed; in a twinkling the one hard problem of a long and studious life was solved; the wonder-world beyond had become a "discovered country" to JOSEPH HENRY. Its season, we trust, is perpetual May to him. Its new life removed from him, if not from his bereaved family and friends, the sting of death, and from the grave its victory.

The lightning, which had been evoked by him to transmit its instantaneous message to the remotest parts of the earth, sped on its quick errand to tell the learned of all lands that an intellectual magnate had been translated. The magnetic cord whose first duty, as arranged by him, was to send the tidings of a new star over land and under ocean to every seat of science, heralded to all that "God had unloosed his weary star," and that he was a lost luminary in the galaxy of intellect.

Wail! for the glorious Pleiad fled!
Wail! for the ne'er returning star!
Whose mighty music ever led
The spheres in their high homes afar.

Associated with our Government through the Smithsonian Institution, and with the world through the amenities of science which it created, the loss of JOSEPH HENRY is not merely national; it is cosmopolitan, universal. It is fitting that the head of an institution which welcomes all countries and all worlds should have a tribute here worthy of such extended and shining fame.

In our federal way, we order condemned cannon to make bronzes for our soldiers. Our land is full of the effigies of military heroes. I have no criticism upon such a patriotic custom. Indeed, I see that the gallant soldier (General SHERMAN) is to follow me; and I am more than reluctant to suggest a word of dissent from such an honored observance. Our parks display also the forms of literary celebrities—SHAKESPEARE, GOETHE, SCOTT, and BURNS, and the grand bead-roll, favored of the muses, with only now and then a HUMBOLDT, and a dim memory of GOETHE as a devotee of science. The WASHINGTONS and TELLS, soldiers and patriots, arouse the enthusiasm of the masses of mankind. This too may be well; for the Princes of Science, like ARCHIMEDES, GALILEO, KEPLER, NEWTON, GIOJA, TORICELLI, BOYLE, LEIBNITZ, LAPLACE, DAVY, HERSCHEL, ARAGO, LYELL, FARADAY, and HENRY, have their niche in a more exalted and enduring Pantheon.

BACON, the father of experimental science! What are divines, jurists, statesmen, soldiers, princes, to this great and audacious leader of human investigation for truth against mere speculation? NEWTON, of whom MACAULAY says that "in no other mind have the demonstrative faculty and the inductive faculty coexisted in such supreme excellence and perfect harmony?"—what are the mere temporary favorites of the mass of men compared with him? History gives its muse unbounded license to sing the glories of the NAPOLEONS of our world. They were indeed guiding intellects; they were wonderful for civic organization and still more wonderful in their genius for destruction. But to the thoughtful mind their

heroism is not comparable with that of humble EDMUND HALLEY, who investigated the properties of the atmosphere, the tides, magnetism, and the comets, and who periled his life in seeking the distant Island of Saint Helena, there to map out in sublime isolation the southern constellations. He was no prisoner, no exile, no modern defiant Prometheus chained to a rock. He was the peaceful observer and serene conqueror of worlds which ALEXANDER never sighed to conquer and which NAPOLEON never looked upon save in selfish moodiness from that historic rock.

Lord BACON has been referred to most pertinently by the learned gentleman, Professor ROGERS. May I make another reference to the father of induction? He gave us written wisdom beyond that of the ancients. He has said that—"Whereas founders of States, law-givers, extirpers of tyrants, fathers of the people were honored but with titles of worthies or demi-gods—inventors were ever consecrated with the gods themselves."

These are golden words. They properly interpret a philosophic mind. In BACON'S meaning of the word inventor, he comprehended those who both discover and apply, originate and use, the secrets of nature for the increase and diffusion of knowledge and the benefaction of mankind.

States come and go; a king to-day is a subject to-morrow; the discrowned suzerain of the Orient last year, this year is the vassal of a newly crowned empress. Lawgivers who pursue their tortuous and tangled paths, what can they do among the atoms or the spaces? They appropriate money, fix taxes, raise armies, declare war; but to change one little chemical relation, how powerless! Not all the statutes ever inscribed on parchment can stop soft iron from becoming a magnet by a certain process of galvanic polarization; yet he who discovered so simple a relation with such magnificent results would have been deified by the Greeks along with that god of beauty who drove the chariot of the sun or that god of strength

who colonized men, conquered nature, and achieved civilization along the shores of the classic azure sea.

In this age of physical progress and grandeur, when experiments show that the "constant elements" are coquetting with us by their inconstancy; when the tough old gases are being tortured, liquefied, and solidified; when oxygen no longer holds out and hydrogen begins to succumb; when microphones, telephones, phonographs, and electric lights and Menlo Park wizards, astound us by their miracles; when cables are duplexed and spectroscopes are bringing down almost to our crucibles those remote stars fixed and "pinnacled dim in the intense inane;" when LOCKYER is said to be proving by the bands of the spectrum the unity of nature, by showing that all the elements are in some modification, our familiar hydrogen; when the many are made one, or all elements are unified, it is no light honor to be the hero or even one of the heroes of such an age,—an age not merely of iron and steam and gold, but emphatically the age of light and lightning!

What ARCHIMEDES was to the lever, NEWTON to gravitation, the HERSCHELS to astronomy, DAVY to the mining lamp, TORICELLI to the barometer, GIOJA to the compass, RUMFORD to heat, FARADAY to electro-chemical affinity, BOYLE to pneumatics, GUTENBERG to printing, WATT to steam, FRAUNHOFER to the spectrum, DRAPER to photography, and what LOCKYER is becoming to spectroscopic analysis, that was HENRY to electro-magnetic force. No quest for the holy grail was ever made with more chivalric, vigilant, and reverent pursuit than he made for the subtile and secret forces of the magnet.

Yet this man moved in our midst for thirty years, little known to the throng who visit and vanish here with our political vicissitudes. With them he had little or no fame. He pursued no devious path to fleeting honors. But there was nothing wanting to give him present delectation and lasting renown. His old-time courtesy, his

charming simplicity, his loving domestic relations, his singleness of purpose, his freedom from sordid, jealous, harsh, and bitter qualities, his chaste, subdued, and genial humor, his pure, poetic, and æsthetic susceptibility, his benignant and dignified manner, his delight in acquiring, what he imparted with so much suavity, and his earnest and unobtrusive pursuit of lofty ends through noble means, gave him felicity, ay, even genuine fame, in this life.

Called to administer the Smithsonian trust, his conscientious devotion gave it from the first the direction designed by the testator. His aim was to originate and disseminate. He scattered the seed broadcast, not through whim or favoritism, but on a matured plan. His place required a love of science, along with a talent for organization. He brought these to bear upon the origination of knowledge, and by his scientific sympathy and ready recognition of others of his guild he commanded honest homage and became the director, helper, and umpire in scientific disputation. Did the War Department require his aid in meteorology? He gave the plan of weather signals. Did the Census Bureau ask his help? He planned the remarkable atlas as to rain-falls and temperature. Did the Coast Survey require scientific suggestion, or the Centennial Commissioners his judgment, or the new library and the "School of Art" a friend and adviser, or the Light-House Board laws of sound for fogs, and cheaper and better illumination? He freely gave what was gladly welcomed. His Institution gave AGASSIZ opportunity to study fishes, BAIRD birds, and all students encouragement to investigate our American archæology and ethnology, as well as our fauna and flora.

The fund which was under his control was scrupulously used. At our annual meetings as regents I cannot fail to recall the blackboard where his fisc was chalked with all the exactness of an old accountant and explained with all the nervous solicitude of a schoolboy doing his first sum.

Never was trustee so free from suspicion of personal enrichment. He died as he had lived, with little incumbrance from the dross of the world. Those learned men who have spoken will recall some of his experiments which showed how the metals could penetrate each other; he cared more for this than to fill his own coffers with them, howsoever precious.* He was content with the golden key to the enchanted chambers of science. In all his discoveries and with a name whose emphasis was worth millions in speculation, there was not in his heart a commercial inclination. He was too proud to patent his thoughts. They were the property of mankind, made sacred by the seal of Omniscience! He had his own exceeding great reward in their meditation and diffusion. His modest salary, limited by his own choice, supplied his modest wants; and his services in the Light-House Board from first to last were gratuitously rendered. He planted the vineyard and others had the fruit and drank the wine thereof. MORSE, GRAHAM, BELL, EDISON, and others gave to the mysteries which he unshadowed, definite, practical, paying results; but, to use his own words, he never thus compromised his independence. He was hungry and thirsty for knowledge, but not for ease and luxury. To prostitute his knowledge for gain was inexpressible profanation. Not all the bonanzas from the Sierras could tempt him from his rectitude. Without money and without price, he gave what he acquired. To make merchandise in his grand temple and out of his sacred calling was to touch with sacrilegious hands the ark of the covenant he had made as a high priest of nature. His good name was better than

*Another investigation had its origin in the accidental observation of the following fact: A quantity of mercury had been left undisturbed in a shallow saucer with one end of a piece of lead wire, about the diameter of a goose-quill, and six inches long plunged into it, the other end resting on the shelf. In this condition it was found after a few days that the mercury had passed through the solid lead, as if it were a siphon, and was lying on the shelf still in a liquid condition. The saucer contained a series of minute crystals of an amalgam of lead and mercury.—*Letter of Professor Henry, concerning researches at Princeton, December 4, 1876.*

riches, and all money which did not contribute to his lofty aims, like the money of the fairy, was as ashes in his sight.

With this idea of his trust need we wonder at his measureless contempt for the mercenaries and jobbers who filled this city and even dishonored the halls of legislation? His life was a living protest against this age of thrift and greed. He drew his rules of duty not from the silly codes of ostentatious modern society. The wisdom and humanity, embodied in that ancient code of freedom which the mailed barons and the great primate of England coerced from an unwilling king, he applied to his function as a finder and teacher of truth: "We will sell to no man; we will not deny or delay to any man right or justice!" JOSEPH HENRY had, as his organic law from the Magna Charta engraved on the tablet of his being, this affirmation: "*I will sell to no man, nor will I deny or delay to any man the precious knowledge drawn under the providence of God from the arcana of nature.*"

But it is not by his personal virtues or official trustworthiness that he will be best remembered; not even by his varied accomplishments in the sciences, nor because he was a successful specialist in many fields. Yet how multiplied and diverse were his gifts and services? Did Japan try the experiment of progress, or KANE and HAYES struggle to reach the North Pole and its open sea for discovery — his sympathy was cordial and ready. Was it as an engineer, geologist, mechanician, ethnologist, meteorologist, or archæologist, he was equally at home in each and all. Was it in the practical application of science? As master of acoustics, he applied his researches to buildings for human comfort, and to fog-signals for the saving of values and life. Was it in optics? The greatest star and the least atom were in harmony before his telescope and microscope. Would Government know projectiles to use in war; would the farmer know how his potatoes and wheat grew, or whence the egg, and how it matured out of the elements into life — would

he know when to sow and when to harvest; would the mariner have signals of danger and the merchant, warrior, and diplomat messages as fleet as thought,—the knowledge of this philosophic mind rallied to its work, with a zeal which never flagged, and a practical success beyond all expectations and praise. And thus in various branches of physics he was the companion of HARE, SILLIMAN, DRAPER, TORREY, AGASSIZ, GUYOT, GRAY, PEIRCE, BACHE, and BAIRD; the student of NEWTON, CUVIER, ARAGO, WOLLASTON, and others of perpetual fame; and the correspondent of FARADAY, TYNDALL, PROCTOR, and others of another hemisphere who are engaged in active, daily, arduous duty to science.

In a tractate which he wrote in December, 1876, concerning his researches while at Princeton, he gives a most interesting account of his contribution with reference to the origin of mechanical power and the nature of vital force. How plainly he defined and how richly he colored this recondite subject! He takes the crust of the earth in a state of equilibrium and describes the substances which constitute that crust, such as acids and bases. He pursues them into a state of permanent combination, inert and changeless. True, he finds what he calls an infinite thin pellicle of vegetable and animal matter on the surface—men and mollusks, Caucasians, congressmen, and coniferæ, elephants, and forests; but all the changes on that surface he refers to a beautiful law of light radiating from celestial space! How comprehensively he generalizes all the prime movers which produce molecular changes in matter!

These he refers to two classes: the first, that of water, tide, and wind power; the second, steam and other powers developed by combustion, and animal power. Gravity, cohesion, electricity, and chemical attraction, while they tend to produce a state of equilibrium or repose on our planet, are only secondary agents in producing mechanical effects. Must not the water have its level on the surface of the ocean? In seeking it, is it not a force for the welfare of

man? Yes; but its primary cause of motion is the force which elevated it in vapor under the radiance of the sunbeam. Combustion, too, is but the passage from an unstable into a stable combination of the carbon and hydrogen of the fuel, with oxygen of the atmosphere. These he resolves into the force which causes the separation of these elements from their previous combination in the state of carbonic acid, to the radiant heat of the sunbeam! What is the mechanical power exerted by animals? It is but the passage of organized matter taken into the stomach, from an unstable to a stable equilibrium. It is the combustion of food. Animal power, like the combustion of fuel, is potential again in the sunbeam! Arriving thus at the very threshold of the mystery of vitality, he asks: What is its office? Only that of the engineer who directs the power of the engine.

But these exploits and associations, incentives and accomplishments, do not furnish the substantial pediment of HENRY's fame. Did he spend his vacation as Princeton professor in blowing soap-bubbles for a fortnight? It was not the bubble reputation which he sought. He was seeking something less fragile and prismatic; he was then investigating the law of liquid films and molecular energy. What is he doing with the thermal telescope, so exquisitely constructed, referred to this evening by Professor ROGERS, with such loving and delicate analysis, and so recently used in our country under the auspices of EDISON? Finding out not merely that the moon has no heat, but measuring the heat of some animate object in a distant field. He is making the type of a mechanism beyond all expression refined.

In all these branches he was a central light. EDMUND SPENSER has been called the poets' poet. JOSEPH HENRY may be called the *savant* of the physicists. He loved to show what science was in its essence, lifting in living harmony all speculations and experiments into a higher plane; *Scientia scientiarum!* For half a century he

never ceased to investigate the uses and the correlation of forces, and the modification and conservation of energy. Here his faith was paramount to his knowledge. Whether the energy possessed by any set of bodies were potential, stored up and unseen, or whether it were visibly performing its work; yet in all its phases he believed it never altered. Wherever it might go, and howsoever it might elude human vigilance, it was not lost. It was conserved. It could not but by "annihilation die," and God permitted no annihilation of his forces. These studies led him to the grand discovery by which he will be ever remembered.

Above all, he was an electrician. COLUMBUS had no better title to the discovery of the new world than HENRY has to the discovery of the principle of the magnetic telegraph. Make a catalogue of his score and more of general and special services in science; digest his thirty years of Smithsonian reports, and at last his simple magnet — the horseshoe — is the emblem and evidence of his power over the wizardry of nature in her most marvelous manifestations.

His experiences from youth fitted him for his work. His Scotch Presbyterianism did not unfit him for a combat with the diablerié of the storm. His engineering from the Hudson to Erie strengthened him for the *labor limæ* of closet and laboratory. His experience as a jeweler-journeyman gave him a knowledge of mechanism and tools not to be despised in experiment and in an age which CARLYLE sings as that of "Tools and the man." His profession of mathematics gave precision to his thoughts and calculations. Only one anomaly appears in his early days, before the magnetic current attracted him by its spell. He loved fiction, poetry, and play-acting. Like AMPÈRE and other scientists, he, too, had his romantic mood and his tender age. Perhaps this tendency quickened his imagination and gave hope and success to his experiments by its *a priori* allurements. Why should it not? Hypothesis may be delusive; so was alchemy, but it was the pro-

genitor of chemistry. Was not astrology a theory, a poem, a dream? Yet it led up a ladder of stars to the sublimest of sciences. It was said by one of my predecessors, (the Hon. Mr. WITHERS,) who spoke this evening, that Professor HENRY was not a genius. In the sense of a poetaster of a small coterie and of little fancy, he was no genius. It was said his illumination came slowly and through labor. Ah! so it did, perhaps, until he found the volume that awoke and started his peculiar tendency and talent. He *had* genius; but he had the masterly genius to curb and control it, to direct and glorify it.

It has been said that at one time he was enamored of the drama and was almost persuaded to make it his permanent occupation. He had a friendship for Damon, and a morbid desire after the melancholy Dane. But he was disenchanted of this illusory ambition by friends who knew his sedate and studious mind, to which an academic course and the little volume on physics, which provoked his curiosity, gave a useful and permanent bent. Then came, all roseate and radiant, the blossom of that magnificent fruitage which was the promise of a life rounded and full of cautious experiments and philosophic deduction.

What of fancy he had, he restrained by patience in details and thoroughness in work. Glittering generalization he avoided, as he did controversy. His plan of education for others was that which he applied to himself. He began with the concrete. If indeed LOCKYER has found Nature's inner secret, it is by his two thousand photographs and one hundred thousand observations. If DRAPER successfully controverts, it will be done by like patience and labor in details. If HENRY succeeded in his grand inquisition, it was by similar detailed labors. While measuring and weighing the forces of nature he cautiously deduced his theory. He gathered the efforts of others — OERSTED, ARAGO, DAVY, and STURGEON — in his favorite domain of electro-magnetism, and made a sheaf

which stood above them all. He forged the viewless vinculum in the chain of causes, which bound the universe of matter and mind in intelligent unity and linked the soul close to the great white throne!

Yet he was in his most special sphere a pioneer who blazed his way through the forest. He was more than the Baptist of a new dispensation of science. He was both herald and hero of our age of electro-magnetic wonders.

In speaking of Professor MORSE in 1872 in this Hall, I undertook to distinguish between those who found principles and those who adapt them to practical ends. I said: "Your NEWTONS and LAPLACES in the celestial mechanism, and your ARAGOS, AMPÈRES, and HENRYS in electro-magnetism, are not the temporary but the eternal heroes; but the lesser intellect carries off the chaplet and sometimes the lucre." I then gave a history of the electric magnet from its beginning down to Professor HENRY's discovery; and I asserted what I was proud to say during his life, and what all now confess — that MORSE was but the inventor of a machine, HENRY the philosophic discoverer of the principle! Others had discovered the relations between magnetism and electricity; and others had made divers limited applications of the magnet, but the inventor of only one form of application carried off the reward.

It may seem to some a little thing to ring a bell at one end of a mile-wire by a current incited at the other end. It may seem to some a little thing to discover the induction of currents, as HENRY did; or to call in a relay magnet at a distance to help the halting power; or to produce the spark by means of purely magnetic induction. It seemed doubtless to many a foolish thing to talk to members of his family across the Princeton campus by an electric wire, or by a pole from basement to attic in the college have his negro boy play a real fiddle in the cellar whose tune was repeated in a mock fiddle in the garret. But these experiments were the

gradations to a higher plane, where the genius of his science was consummate.

Before he began his researches something was known of the electro-magnet. But it was as feeble in its energy as the child who toyed with it. It was little besides soft iron. HENRY energized it so as to make its results stupendous and far-reaching. Instead of the insulated bar surrounded by an uninsulated coil, he insulated the wire. He employed many coils and begot the ton-lifting magnet; and lo! there follows in time the telegraph and telephone. This is accomplished simply by the arrangement of the acid and zinc in one way, in his way. He adds to the cells of the battery; and there is literally no limit in distance for the effect. When he found that the power of the battery must be as the length of the conductor, he so intensifies the iron at such a distance that it gives enchantment to this modern Merlin's magic wand of wire. It was not mere by-play when he made a mechanical motor out of his big magnet, nor in overcoming resistance hitherto insurmountable, for distance is resistance. It was not a sportive thing to lift a ton by his magnet; nor was it an inconsequential freak when he severed a current and thus dropped heavy weights at a distance. Such experiments made the lightning his familiar, his demon, his servitor. He lured it into his lecture-room from out of its clouded home in the thunder-storm. He tamed it so that he could bridle, mount, ride, curb, and spur it at will. Thus he planted the germ of a system which now numbers 492,913 miles of intelligent wire, and traverses all climates and dips under all seas.

He stood upon his vantage-ground not only to signal the world by lightning, but to measure time, calculate longitudes, follow the flight of the cannon-ball, and record the stellar motions and transits. It is a remarkable fact that only one improvement in the magnetic system of telegraph has been made since Professor HENRY gave it to us. It now transmits more than one message at a time. But

when Professor HENRY made it phonetic, it so remained. The alphabetic symbols are obsolete. The distant magnet when excited makes its dots and clicks its audible language, just as HENRY designed. Blot out MORSE and his machine, and Professor HENRY's instrument, the telegraph, would go on. Like STEPHENSON's multi-tubular boiler, it remains amid all change; for it is perfect because it has a principle. Discard Professor HENRY's plan, and no message is possible with sound. All the signals, alarms, and devices for distant intelligence have their fountain in Professor HENRY's brain. Given his brain, and you have MORSE, BELL, EDISON, and the entire circle of electric inventors.

What a grand occasion was that at the Centennial, when Sir WILLIAM THOMPSON and Professor HENRY met about the telephone! What fruition of hope! How jocund the exhuberant heart leaped up to see fresh evidences of the truth of his early experiments under the rigid laws of science!

These laws however never shadowed his devotion to the beautiful, good, and true. His modest methods of research, while they extended his knowledge and enlarged his reason, never disturbed his faith. While like the magnetic needle it ever pointed in one direction, it was never tremulous with skepticism. He who knew so much of earth, and believed so much of Heaven, had a faith which was larger than his reason. When he said to his students: "We explain a fact, when we refer it to a law"—did he stop there? He bowed reverently, as he added—"When we explain a law, we refer it to the will of God." He never allowed sense to obscure spirit or secondary causes to be primal! He spoke no spell and taught no creed for evil or chance. He had the eye of reason to guide his radiant path and the ear of faith to inspire and exalt his reason. The impetuosity of the one was tempered by the docility of the other. The dilettante, the mystic, the pantheist, and the transcendentalist were to him less than flippancy and vanity; for he knew

the limits of all human philosophy, physical, mental, and ethical, and never leaped the flaming bounds to raise issues on insoluble problems or dispute the divine mission of Him who spake as never man spake. "That which we know is little, but that which we know not, is immense," exclaimed LAPLACE; and the humility of Professor HENRY found in his highest aspiration reason for the lowliest modesty. He took shelter in the healing balm of evening from the dazzling radiance of speculation, and in its sweet and inviting undertones found whisperings of infinite love.

During his long life and its closing hours he clung to the Rock of Ages as the foundation of all his knowledge and the source of all his comfort. For him there was no gauge of prayer; for prayer, as he said, was above and beyond science. There was for him no greater light to shine on the daily path of life than that Sun of Righteousness whose reflection was but the faint illumination in our finite mind.

We have written testimony but a few weeks before his death to his exalted faith in our religion. Amidst a universe of change, where nothing remained the same from one moment to another, and where each moment of recorded time had its separate history, and while a universe of wonders is presented to us in our rapid flight through space, he held to the steadfast truth that after all our attempts to grapple with the problem of the universe, the simplest conception which expands and connects the phenomena of nature is that of the existence of one spiritual Being, infinite in wisdom, in power, and all divine perfections, which exists always and everywhere, which has created us with intellectual faculties in some degree to comprehend his operations as they are developed in nature. This was his divine creed of creeds! It was reconciled with science. He believed that this Infinite Being was unchangeable and that therefore his operations were in accordance with

the uniform laws. Finding everywhere evidences of intellectual arrangements as he found them in the operations of man, he inferred that these two classes of phenomena were the results of similar intelligence He found within himself ideas of right and wrong, and deduced and believed that they formed the basis of our ideas of the moral universe. In other words, he believed in a Divine Being as the director and governor of all, and lived as he died, hoping and praying for His infinite mercy.

Aloof from the lights and shadows of hope and fear, what unimagined and "wondrous glory beyond all glory ever seen" is his to-day! Flowers and fishes, ruins and rivers, skeletons and scoriæ, all the forms of things and forces of nature; the motions of wind, tide, and water; the elasticity of steam and the explosions of electricity, which were here in unrest, seeking immobility by laws of their own—all these mobile elements, which he demonstrated were seeking repose even in slag or cinders and seeking it by celestial motions and forces—these are all one to him now! The correlation of forces and the conservation of energy are solved. The principle of chemistry and vitality, of the moving atom and the immortal mind, no longer vex him with their mystery. His soul, which was never tried on earth by the crucible, and his religion, which was never limited to the laboratory—whose relict radiance it is ours to recall—has that rest which he observed to be the final law of all animate nature here.

He believed with OERSTED that the practice of science was religious worship; and like that Danish physicist—like FARADAY and BOYLE—"sweetness and light were blended in his pure nature." With unblemished eye, like the eagle, his scientific ken gazed into the sun itself for its revelation; and yet he nestled, dove-like, amidst his human domestic affections. His processes of thought were chastened by his Christ-like life and heavenly faith; and he has his reward in eternal bliss.

When the first telegraph message went from this capital on the 24th of May, 1844, "What hath God wrought," it but echoed the thought of this reverent thinker, who had discovered its mission, and who thus recognized the infinite intelligence whose processes were beyond human ken. This belief chastened his intellectual dignity, and while it gave him added courage to explore the secrets of time and space, made his science not that of the carping critic, but of the loving handmaiden of divinity.

If "we are of a nobler substance than the stars;" if "we have faculties while they have none," it is impossible, in thinking of Joseph Henry and his life here, to unduly magnify that intellectual orb which, when it left our limited horizon, arose upon another world to glorify anew the God of all the graces and the fountain of all the forces!

GEORGE S. HOUSTON.

JANUARY 6, 1880.

Mr. SPEAKER: One of the compensations for death is the belief that when it comes the errors of our life will be buried with the mortal body, and the eccentricities of our human nature be rounded into a shining orbit of charity. Who would speak of the dead save in the phrases of loving kindness? Rarely have I felt that a word of mine in their eulogy could do adequate justice to the merits of deceased friends. But when manly men like Stephen A. Douglas, Michael C. Kerr, and GEORGE S. HOUSTON fall here in the sphere of duty, and when their characters present so much to praise, I have overcome my reluctance and entered upon the threshold of the unseen world with the unreserve of enthusiasm.

If excuse were needed for taking part in this ceremony, is it not enough that I knew Governor HOUSTON during a part of his early service here more than a score of years ago? I knew him, to respect his talents and love his character. His kindness to young members was remarked by my colleague, and this is why my recollection of him is embalmed so sweetly now. Indeed, as early as the Thirty-fourth Congress, in 1854, I had remarked him towering as a conspicuous figure in yonder old Hall, commanding the attention and consummating the work of this House. In the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses we sat together upon this side of

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the Chamber. Here his practical mind and generous qualities gave him pre-eminence. He was prominent in debate, not merely because of his readiness and fullness in details and his knowledge of parliamentary methods, but for his large views and patriotic sentiments.

That he was thus accoutered for duty was owing to his great experience in public affairs, his influence among men, his courageous and charitable opinions of his fellows, and his ready familiarity with the structure and essence of our Government and its complicated and refined polity. This experience was gained by close attention to his duties in every province where he was called, and to the maturity and reliability of his judgment, and to his prophetic insight into the needs of his Commonwealth and the country.

Forty years ago he lifted his voice here for frugality and honesty. As chairman of the Ways and Means he allowed no prodigality to give meretricious splendor to the Federal system. To him squandering was almost crime. I never recall his services in those Congresses before the war that I do not associate with him two other statesmen, George W. Jones, of Tennessee, and John Letcher, of Virginia, whose aims and efforts should be forever a living pattern.

His first elaborate effort in the Twenty-seventh Congress was for the restraint of legislation here within the narrowest limits and against implied powers. He would leave all legislation to the States "over subjects where they could as amply and beneficially legislate as Congress." This was the key-note of all his service. As early as 1842 he ably contested the power of Congress over elections, holding them to be aloof from Federal supervision. He was not only a strict economist, but jealous and denunciatory of the Senate on money bills. That body, he thought, should defer to the House, the immediate representatives of the people, but if they did not, he was for appealing to the people.

He was a bold denouncer of tariff tyranny, as his speech in

1844 shows. His wisdom as to the public lands was often evinced in the early period of his service, for he held our lands to be a trust for the people, and not for speculative greed.

During these years, Texas annexation and the Oregon boundary were leading themes. I need not say upon which side this courageous statesman stood. His Oregon speech, and indeed all of his elaborate speeches, are remarkable for exhaustive research, perspicuity, defiance, and patriotism. Perhaps the best element of his character was his fearlessness and self-abnegation. In a speech against the general internal improvement system, on the 26th of May, 1846, he avowed his opposition to the appropriation for his own Tennessee River, and especially when associated with streams less consequential. Though the river ran between States and through States—navigable but for obstructions for eight hundred miles, washing seven of the leading agricultural and planting States, and a link between the Atlantic, the West, and the Gulf—still he would not countenance the system which took unequally from one portion of the country to give to another. He would have equal exactions and equal favors or none. He thus defied the wishes of his people, exclaiming: "I value too highly the little character I have earned in the public service to forfeit it for office or by corrupt bargains."

This independence was rewarded, for his constituents saw in it the best type of a trustworthy representative.

Whether in scrutinizing the expenses of our Army and requiring accountability for the least item, or arguing against subsidies to the Collins steamers as fraught with partiality and unjust to fair and free trade; whether defending the privileges of the House or vindicating the supremacy of the treaty-making power, he brought to the debate pithy sentences and linked logic, now and then relieved by flashes of *facetiæ* and all subordinated to a sense of honor, justice, and patriotism.

When, on the 16th of February, 1853, his Committee of Ways and Means and that Congress were criticised as not being comparable to earlier committees and Congresses, he defended their assiduity and economy, and, rising into an eloquent panegyric of the great and good men who once adorned the House, and referring to the mutations which time had wrought, he softened acrimony into praise by saying:

> Truly, Mr. Chairman, changes have taken place. In that the gentleman and myself are perfectly agreed. But, sir, changes are inevitable, and it is not for us to complain of the decrees of fate or of evils over which we have no control. We must make the best we can of our present condition, while our hopes, our aspirations, and our efforts should be directed to the amelioration of the ills that surround us and the removal of the obstacles that lie in the way of our usefulness. Such is the teaching of philosophy, such the dictate of justice.

The changes which he then described have been more remarkable since. Death has been busy with those who belonged to that Thirty-fifth Congress in which we first met. Their roll is lessening year by year. It was the first Congress in which I served. The old Hall and its members, by some natural law of memory, rise before me with photographic vividness and with more dramatic interest than even later Congresses, in this new Chamber. It was during that Congress, on the 17th of December, 1857, that we migrated to this Hall. I recall the solemn prayer of our Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Caruthers, "that it should be made a temple of honor, patriotism, and purity." That scene is the more graphically pictured in memory, as upon that day it was my fortune, good or ill, to make the first speech in this Hall. In that spectacle no form stands out in bolder relief than that of GEORGE S. HOUSTON. How changed, all; and what changes—both in the *personnel* of the House, the subjects discussed, and the fierce passions which then raged here as the premonition of other conflicts! Ah, sir, our present politics are but a summer's sea, calm and serene; then it was a frenzied tumult. The wild passions of that time

developed the peculiar characteristics of every member. Not more distinct and individual were they than the trees of the forest; and in no one among them is there found so fit an emblem of the tough fiber and gnarled nature of GEORGE S. HOUSTON as in the oak.

What a galaxy of varied and lustrous attributes shone in that assemblage: the Washburnes, Banks, Thayer, Bishop; General Sickles, John Kelly, Haskins, Corning, and Spinner, of New York; E. Joy Morris; Bocock, Governor Smith, and Faulkner, of Virginia; Sherman, Giddings, Bingham, and Groesbeck, of Ohio; Whiteley, Humphrey Marshall, Samuel S. Marshall, Farnsworth, and Maynard of Tennessee; Niblack, English, and Colfax, of Indiana; Craig, Clark, and Phelps, of Missouri; and Lane, of Oregon. These survive and have filled honorable stations, while such men as Mr. Speaker Orr, Curtis, of Iowa, Quitman, Florence, Hickman, Owen Jones, Glancy Jones, Covode, Montgomery, Leiter, Tompkins, Miller, Stanton, Stewart, Henry Winter Davis, John G. Davis, Harlan, Bowie, Millson, Burlingame, Nicholls, Caskie, Gilmer, Stalworth, Shorter, Eustis, Burnett, Clay, Hughes, Petit, Lovejoy, Harris, Caruthers, Hawkins, Ready, Goode, Hopkins, Burton Craig, McQueen, Seward, Dowdell, Elliott, Peyton, Underwood, Jewett, Warren, and other stars, differing in glory, but now shining in other spheres! But why, sir, extend this roll of death? One-half of that Congress have crossed the silent river to the viewless realm. The great issues they debated are settled by the stern wager of battle, and their contentions ended in that "other country beyond the sun."

Five beside myself remain to illustrate the vicissitudes of political and mortal life; the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Stephens], from Mississippi [Mr. Singleton], from Texas [Mr. Reagan], from Tennessee [Mr. Atkins], and from North Carolina [Mr. Scales]. A few have been transferred to the other

branch of Congress: Senators Lamar, Pendleton, Morrill, and Dawes. Some fell bravely in the fierce encounter to vindicate their thought: Branch, Barksdale, Keitt, Jenkins, Zollicoffer, Moore, Ruffin, Garnett, Shaw, and others; while of those who fought them, Curtis, Cockerill, Blair, and others survived the war only to die where affection administered its last offices. The vernal season which is bathing the land in sunlight, and making the melody of birds in the woods, which is warming into new life the beauty of the flower and the splendor of the grass, is weaving its garlands over hillocks where their remains repose. It teaches by its analogy the resurrection and the life of our human bodies. It scatters its flood of floral promise, and bends its iris of hope over the living and the dead, dyed in all the hues of a sunlit heaven, as the covenant of God with man, of our immortality. Amid these changes, I cannot refrain from reflecting that I am left alone here as the surviving member of that Thirty-fifth Congress from the North, while from the South there remain but the five I have named of that splendid group who challenged the admiration of their opponents by the gifts of eloquence with which they championed and adorned their cause.

Of this number GEORGE S. HOUSTON, while he was one of the leaders, if not the leader, of legislation, was not one of that galaxy of orators who "graced the noble fervor of the hour" by urging the disparting of our States.

If Southern association could have made GEORGE S. HOUSTON a devotee of the peculiar tenets which found their final issue in force, he would have been such a devotee. Born in the State of Tennessee, so prolific of statesmen of heroic mold and civic qualities, deriving his early lineage from Ireland, and on his mother's side his lineage from South Carolina, educated for the law in the State of Kentucky, he sought the fresh and attractive field of Alabama in the morning of his career. After honoring his profession

in offices wherein his legal abilities were displayed, within a decade after his removal to Alabama he was elected to the Federal Congress. He served his State here from 1841 to 1847, when he retired to resume his profession. The stirring events of 1850–'51, growing out of perilous sectional questions, again called him to the front. Here he remained as the faithful trustee of his people until his State seceded.

He retired with sorrowful heart and brimming eye to his home, for he saw with the prescience of a statesman the terrible eventualities of the conflict which he always deprecated.

While the red storm of war raged around his home, he remained, like many other men equally chivalric, a sad spectator in the conflicts of force.

When the war ended, and failing then to secure in 1865 and 1866 a seat in the Senate to which he was elected, his people, in 1874, sought for him, their first citizen, as the head of the State. He was made their governor, and began the work of building up the waste places which the desolation of war had made. He made a highway for the people; and, lifting his voice above the ruin and distress around him, he began the work of construction with that sagacious adaptation of means to end which is the distinguishing feature of genuine statesmanship.

In seeking for the pivotal characteristic of this representative man, it is to the honor of his nature that it is not found in the desire to destroy. There is in every human heart some controlling thought—the end-all and be-all of exertion. It is that mysterious and magic inspiration which exalts the daily work of life into a daily beauty. It evokes out the unreal, reality. It is the aura which sustains the intellectual and moral nature, giving it stamina and energy, as the atmosphere sustains our physical existence. It directs the aimless and erratic meanderings of the mind into fruitful, smooth, and healthful currents. It creates the

loftier life, and in death it inspires loving hands to weave chaplets for the tomb of the departed.

The genius of this statesman's life is found as well in his reticence and retiracy, when the havoc of war menaced and ruined his State, as in the vigor with which, when that havoc was over and its *débris* lay around him in orderless despair, he removed the charred framework and began to replace it with happy homes and good rule for a contented people. To him more than to any other man in Alabama that State owes its resurrection. He rolled away the stone from its sepulcher, and, like the good angel, guarded its door. Amidst all the perils of surf and sunken rock the warning voice of Governor HOUSTON had here spoken peace and goodwill for the tranquillity of the whole land and its indestructible unity. It had spoken in vain. His State was launched on the tide of war. She enlisted one hundred and twenty-two thousand of her sons in the Confederate army; one-fourth of them fell fighting for the southern cause. Everywhere, in field and village, city and country, there was devastation. Even after the war, misgovernment and maladministration added their cruelties and burdens to the desolating effects of the war. But these, which were discouragements for others, were to him incentive and ambition. His genious for rebuilding uprose with the dire emergency. It is said of Alabama, after it was traversed by the Spanish army under De Soto, more than three centuries ago, seeking for gold and in the search drenching it in blood, "that the dark curtain that had covered her territory was suddenly lifted, a brilliant but bloody panorama passed across the stage, and then all was shrouded in primeval darkness." This *chiaro oscuro* of the historic Rembrandt but faintly portrays the dark shadows which rested upon the Alabama of 1865–'66. But the picture did not appal the stanch heart of GEORGE S. HOUSTON. He manfully began to wash out the stains of blood; he desired to "scatter

plenty o'er a smiling land"; he pleaded for reconciliation, and by his efforts and under his magic the spears of grain burst into gold and the cotton-pod into snow. While by his wise policy he elevated the credit of his State and saved it from insolvency and debt, he helped to open his wonderful State and its opulent resources of mine and plantation to the light, which has since given to its people encouragement, good government, and renewed prosperity.

The magic by which he controlled affairs was not altogether his knowledge and experience. His nature was not devoid of ready sympathies, and even poetic sentiment, though he seldom revealed himself in this relation. But it could not be otherwise with one nerved by the pure air and pleasant sun of Alabama. He represented no dreamy sentimentality and no impractical abstractions; for that portion of Alabama to which he was accustomed has not the soft local coloring like that which interpenetrates the magnolia-laden air on the margin of the Mexican sea. There the breath, shine, and flora of spring glorify even the midwinter. Living within the crescent which the majestic Tennessee makes as it bends through the upper region of Alabama, his mind took from its scenery something of that rugged cast which the soft allurements of the farther South did not mitigate or temper. There runs through his life, like the ridge of iron through the heart of his State, virile virtues of unbending and inexorable honesty. But with all this he was pervious to the influences of sentiment, and his life was free from the vices and stains of passion. The mountains and streams of his State—the early adventures arising out of Spanish, French, American, and Indian conflicts; the romantic legends of his State, woven into a web of witchery by the indigenous poetry of the South—its prehistoric mounds and historic memories; its constellation of honored names, such as the Kings, Lipscombs, Gaineses, Toulmins, McKinleys, Moores, Crabbs, Lewises, Clemenses, Yan-

ceys, Bibbs, Pickenses, Fitzpatricks, Carrolls, Clays, Elmores, Forsyths, Walkers, Hilliards, Pughs, Shorters, and Currys in the State, and the Evanses, Baldwins, Meaks, and Hodgsons in the republic of letters, honored as well in other States as in Alabama—these were a part of his local pride and literary amenity.

My honored friend [Mr. Forney] has drawn a picture of the landscape around his home, and adorned it by a stanza from one of the cantos of a favorite southern poem descriptive of the beautiful valley of the Tennessee. It was impossible with such ennobling examples of superior men, and with such a physical surrounding, with its jeweled islands set in flowing waters, and with its mountains like giant sentinels

To guard its pictured valley's rest,

that the imagination even of one so practical in the daily routine of professional and legislative life should not have partaken something of the quality of this splendid land, and of the attributes of its noble men.

Mr. Speaker, there is no sweeter word in any tongue than Alabama! Most musical in its tone, it echoes its legendary meaning. Among the many fanciful stories connected with this State of legends is that which is engraved upon its escutcheon above us. It is said that a tribe of Indians, flying from their enemies, reached a splendid river. There a chief struck his weapon into the soil, exclaiming, "Alabama!" "*Here we rest.*" Who is there so practical that he would depoetize this incident by questioning its authenticity? The very sky and scenery of Alabama, with its dreamy loveliness, seem to give it reality. "*Here we rest!*" Ah, sir, he who did so much to assuage the unrest which the passions and ambition of men created; he who accomplished so much and so magically by his word and work, has now found within its bosom that rest which his busy life did not bestow. He who lived no cloistered life,

whose active thoughts and unblemished fame gave their sweet effluence to guard and restore the homes of his State, measured the circle of his own felicity in contributing to that of his people. The murmur of the rivers which flow through his beloved Alabama, and the lapse of the waves which fall upon its southern shores, break in melancholy cadences to sing and sigh his requiem, and lift their voices in praise of him, who after doing so much, at lasts rests from his labors amidst the sympathy and sorrow of his bereaved countrymen. Every home and heart from the stately Tennessee to the beautiful Mobile Bay contributes to

> Shed a beauty round his name—
> A light that like a star will beam,
> Lustrous and large—a golden glory
> Adown the Future's gliding stream,
> To gild his country's morning story!

Benjamin H. Hill.

BENJAMIN H. HILL.

JANUARY 26, 1883.

Mr. SPEAKER: When a great French leader of opinion died the other day, it was queried whether French institutions would survive. "The republic is Léon Gambetta," was the sententious phrase. Wherever the signs of sorrow were displayed over the death of the great Frenchman, from San Francisco to Syria, the powerful tribune of the people, the vehement orator, the energetic patriot was mourned as if France herself were lost. The very floral offerings were shaped into the tricolor of France. Not so in other lands. Disraeli dies, and though his party goes on, sadly lacking his genius, the English Government in form and structure receives no detriment. I saw nobles of ancient lineage and peasants of the country he had so long represented follow his remains to its sepulcher. All that was mortal of the dead Hebrew and brilliant minister received the last rites of the established church, but the English constitution and English society received no shock.

So, too, in these cisatlantic republican commonwealths—statesmen and Presidents come and go like rainbows, but the state survives. It is more permanent because of the monumental service of the departed statesman it has nourished.

The eloquent Georgian and Senator whom we honor to-day rounded an active life of rarest mold. No glamour of the sol-

dier was his. He was the peerless citizen who led men by voice, and thought in perilous times, through troubles and tyrannies, with a foresight and wisdom all too rare in this land of mercenary grasping and unrelaxing excitement. He dies; but his State and the nation grow better by the emphasis of his life and the virtue of its lessons.

It was my privilege to know Senator HILL, even before he became a member here. It is because of delightful, almost intimate friendship, that his friends have assigned to me a part in these sad obsequies.

The dates and events, the links connecting such details, which make the chain of his personal history and serve to illustrate the individual feeling and life, the character of the man—these others have touched with magnetic, loving hand.

This chain was fashioned as all character is by surrounding circumstances. Those who knew him in his early days love to trace the main elements of his character to his parentage. His father was of slender education, but of robust virtue. He was remarkable for his invincible will and force. His mother was of an earnest, gentle nature, full of reflective and religious qualities. These made up the rudiments of that character which enabled him to overcome obstacles by endurance and palliate them by persuasion. The sturdy oak was garlanded with tenderest flowers. Like a Grecian or Doric fane, to which the gentleman from Virginia [Mr. Tucker] likened it, his character combined beauty with strength.

The old farm-house and the red hills where he passed the scenes of his boyhood modified these inborn elements of his nature, and gave fresh vigor to his healthful life and added grace to his gentlenesss.

In his college experience the development and discipline of his mind was prodigious. His shyness and awkwardness, born of the

country, soon gave way before his energy and ambition. From the rustic boy, in his long jeans coat and scant trousers, he at once became a thoughtful student. His habit of abstraction began thus early. Whether in the Demosthenian Society, or as its anniversarian orator, or delivering the valedictory of his class, he impressed those who listened with his unequaled power of debate and the rare felicity of his eloquence. One index of the gentle side of his character may be noted. His theme at the junior commencement was the "Life, Love, and Madness of Torquato Tasso," into which he threw all his mother's poetic sensibility with his scholarly warmth.

Soon the scholar ripened into the advocate. Here was his field. He had a legal mind. He drove the logic of the law bravely through every obstacle of fancy and fact. His fluency of speech and fertility of expedient, together with his power of application and study, gave him a forensic power which Lord Coke said a good lawyer should have for the "occasion sudden;" a power which partial friends have compared with that of Erskine. As a lawyer few men, even in our largest cities, have had such success. Although diverted again and again from his jealous mistress, the law, to canvass for Congress, legislature, elector, and governor, he was still employed in all the leading cases of the State. It is estimated—if such estimates may be quoted here and now—that he had made a million dollars, as fees, by the time he was fifty. He was as lavish in the expenditure and as improvident in the investment of his earnings as he was indefatigable with head and voice in their accumulation.

There is another phase of his life which gave its impress to the scholar, the citizen, the orator, the advocate, the statesman, and the man. It is the sectional or Southern aspect of his life. Without this phase he would not have made the mark which he so indelibly did upon his State. He had no act of the dema-

gogue, no party tactics at command, no storied lore racy of the soil such as made the "Georgia Scenes" so whimsical and humorous, and little or no conversational loquacity; but he had the reserve which carries the battle, and thus armed he was dauntless.

Yet there seems to be an unevenness and inconsistency in his career and character. This unevenness may have been the result of the vicissitudes of the eventful times when the best of men were distracted as to duty. Inconsistency? Gladstone, the young Tory, becomes the venerable Liberal, and Palmerston laughed at the vanity of consistency.

Call it what you will, State pride or local affection, and say it is irreconcilable with a larger love of country, yet is it not the same patriotic impulse which made Tell love the mountains of Switzerland, and Webster the rock-bound shores of New England? Besides, is it necessary to reconcile the love one bears the mother with that one bears the wife? When one is true to his bridal troth is he less true to the mother who bore him?

It was this State pride which led the youth to prefer his own State University at Athens for his education rather than follow the advice of his teacher, who was a graduate of Yale. It was the same sentiment which colored his after-life and gave glow and glory to his oratory. Even while protesting against secession ordinances on the hustings and in convention he followed with no laggard step his State into revolt against the Federal domination. When the question came home to him whether he would have the unity of his Georgian people or the unity of all the States, he chose, and honestly chose, the unity of his home.

Herein lies that seeming unevenness and inconsistency which some have observed in his character. I shall rather call it the tough fiber of his native robust being, its nature gnarled by soil and tempest, but none the less beautiful because it had the hard intertwisted knot of local devotion.

True, he contended for "the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws." He left his lawyer's desk and sought legislative honors, to champion constitutional Federal unity. It was because he thought the mother was the loving friend of his bride.

The first test of the young statesman, thirty years ago, was in the contest for the compromise of 1850. He desired to signalize the end of slavery agitation, which he foresaw would end in civil war and Southern disaster. Hence his entrance upon political life in 1851 as a Union man.

Throughout his subsequent life, up to the signing of the secession ordinance, he was, in its best sense, an ardent Federalist. He was of such moderate views and so opposed to the ultraists of his State that he traversed Georgia proclaiming fealty to the Union. He sounded the tocsin of revolt against the leaders of revolution. Never was a crisis met so courageously. At a time when Yancey's sentences thrilled the South, and when even Howell Cobb was the coadjutor of Senator Iverson, the silver voice of BENJAMIN H. HILL, joining that of Alexander H. Stephens, was a trumpet, not of sedition, but of loyalty to the Union.

In his speeches, full of the fervor of that wild day, and in a minority, he was to Southern Unionism what Gambetta was to distracted France. Both were too late to save, but both lived to rebuild and restore.

It is not for me to inquire why the late Senator gave his voice only for secession and not his arm. It was not from lack of courage, physical, mental, or moral; but he was doubtless continually shadowed by his own prophecy. "Take care," he said, "that in endeavoring to carry slavery where nature's laws prohibit its entrance you do not lose the right to hold slaves at all!"

The Senator had no love for the secrecies and ritual of Know-nothingism, and when that semi-religious and anti-American crusade was preached it was condemned by him. But from his con-

servative habitude he defended the Fillmore administration, and in 1860 he became a Bell and Everett Union elector. Georgia rang from side to side with his elegant and urgent phillipics against radicalism North and South and his fervent patriotism for the Union of our fathers.

It is impossible to analyze a life so full of incident or a mind so well disciplined and an oratory so alert and brilliant, without drawing upon the language of high encomium.

All the virtues and genius as well as faults of the man and Senator center around the love he bore to his own State of Georgia.

He was a native of Georgia, and had he lived till now would have been three-score years of age. He was born in the center of that "old red belt which encircles the State from the Savannah to the Chattahoochee." To borrow the language of a friend in the days of my first service here, Judge James Jackson:

> He was all a Georgian. The robust physique of the man sprang from the soil of our beloved State, and the giant intellect which so distinguished him was equally Georgian. If honey was upon his lips, the Georgia bee gathered it from Georgia flowers. If the silver ring of his eloquence touched all hearts, the silver was dug out of the red old hills we love so much.

Georgia, geologically and picturesquely, under and above the genial soil, has natural advantages and beauties which along with her liberal institutions early attracted such adventurous minds as the Hebrew Mendez, the English soldier Oglethorpe, and the Methodist Wesley. Even the mounds are yet pointed out, in the county where our Senator was born, into which De Soto delved for gold. Her mountains dip and curl in crested grandeur toward the west, while her savannas add their greenery and wealth to her shores.

General James Oglethorpe, who, as Burke said, had called a province into existence and lived to see it an independent State, was the epitome of Georgia history. Oglethorpe's life was so full of achievement and variety that it is a romance. Pope eulogized, Dr.

Johnson admired, and Thompson celebrated him. He was not only ready to defend his honor in the duel, but was the prisoner's friend and the founder of an "empire State." Sir Robert Montgomery called the new colony which the gallant general founded "the most delightful country of the universe." Even the poet of the Seasons, Thompson, in his "Liberty," sang of the swarming colonists who sought the "gay colony of Georgia." He eulogized it as the calm retreat of undeserved distress, the better home of those whom bigots chased from foreign lands. It was not built on rapine, servitude, and woe. The very history and literature of England thus imbound with this colony is almost unknown to the North. Other States, it seems, attracted more literary attention.

It was this Georgia, the asylum and hope of man, and founded in honor, religion, and bravery, that our Senator loved. Even John Wesley's mother, when the high church Methodist asked her whether he should proceed to Georgia, said: "Had I twenty sons I should rejoice if they were all so employed." The very religion of Georgia had in it a courage which does not belong to our time, when the voyage across the Atlantic is robbed of most of its terror.

In the center and heart of this historic State, and in a county which bears the name of the bravest soldier that ever bore a banner to victory—Jasper—and with the heroic and religious associations of its founders, young HILL was born. At an early age he followed his family and its fortunes to the Alabama border, near the Chattahoochee River. The town of La Grange, to which they removed, is the county seat of Troup. It was then, and is yet, noted for its love of education and its school facilities. There are many associations in this county, and even connected with its very name, which might well attune a young mind to thoughts of ambition in the forum of law and politics. Giants were arrayed Georgia in those days, and their efforts, especially about 1833, when force bills

and nullification were rife, gave impassioned tone as well as high temper to political discussion.

Doubtless the mind of young HILL took its hue from these surroundings; but in a State the very name of whose counties betoken a lofty division of sentiment—where Washington, Jackson, Jefferson, Franklin, and Madison speak of the Federal Constitution, and Henry, Randolph, Troup, and Crawford speak of State sovereignty and local liberty; but where, above all, the names of Pulaski, De Kalb, Morgan, and Carroll shine like primal virtues, all starry with our Revolutionary radiance, it could not be otherwise than that men of earnest thought should perceive a divided duty, and that great controversial acumen and power should enter the arena and inspire contentious oratory.

Doubtless Senator HILL was greatly influenced in his pursuits and characteristics by such rare men and events as Georgia has produced. These names may not be as familiar to Northern ears now as in the days of Jackson and Calhoun, but they are still potential to start a spirit in Georgia, where State pride has lost but little of its prestige by the result of the civil war. Read the roster of Georgia's forum—the brilliant lights of her bench, bar, literature, and senate: Beall, Crawford, Berrien, McIntosh, Clayton, Colquitt, Cobb, Tripp, Dawson, Forsythe, Lumpkin, Lamar, Jackson, Shorter, Reid, Warner, Johnson, Wilde, and Baldwin, not to speak of men who yet survive, like her present wonderful chief magistrate, and his contrast in stature and mate in intellect, Robert Toombs.

A State like this, so grand in its beginning and so splendid in its hundred and fifty years of prosperous history, must be proud of its heroes, whether fit—

> For arms and warlike amenance,
> Or else for wise and civil governance,
> To learn the interdeal of princes strange;
> To mark the intent of councils, and the change
> Of states.

Her annals are shining with the names of De Soto, Raleigh, and Oglethorpe; and the names of their successors under conditions of later days detract nothing from the luster of their worth and renown.

To emulate the fame of Hortensius, king of the forum, Cicero never ceased his efforts till he ascended the throne of oratory. So in this unrivaled galaxy of gifted Georgians. Emulation made ambition reach high. From sire to son the names of eminent Georgians appear again and again, showing the elevating incentives which enlivened and exalted this imperial State of the South. The gold in her hills, the silver on the cotton-pod, the sun with its balm, the rivers which flow from her mountains, the opulence of her soil, are not more Georgian and imperial than the high standard of those who gave Georgia to the world as a colony, preserved her independence of England, brought her through fire into the federation of States, and after the vicissitudes of a great civil trial rescued her first among the recusant States from the chaos of war.

The Senator we meet to honor was no exception to the emulation and exaltation of his surroundings. His natural ardors and ambitions thus received their stimulus and food. But the massive mind which made the great advocate and the moral heroism which made the defender of individual and civil liberties—these are of no soil; they belong to no time. They illustrate the age of Aristides and give a glory to the fame of Rienzi. They made Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry possible, not as provincial men, but as enlarged and loving patriots.

He who would best portray the salient features of BENJAMIN HARVEY HILL must remember that his devotion to Georgia was but the stepping-stone to a broader and loftier devotion to that Union which he loved to serve in our councils here.

The people of New York City have not yet forgotten the ringing periods of Senator HILL, in one of her halls, as he discoursed

of the magna charta and other precious monuments of popular liberty. To his impassioned utterance his fine frame and musical voice gave a charm beyond the reach of art.

His State love was, sir, after all, the golden key which unlocked the secrets of his grand elocution and opened the casket wherein were the jewels of his splendid imagery.

When the war had ended, and his State was in the grasp of unprincipled adventurers and under the heel of an unbridled satrapy, and in the chaos wrought by the war, he gave to the reconstruction acts his defiance, and hurled his anathemas against its spoilers.

In 1868 he went among his people with the stride of a demi-god. He fired their hearts, and though surrounded by bayonets and threatened by bastiles, he uttered such sarcasm, scorn, and dauntless defiance that the satraps who outraged every canon of law and impulse of liberty shrank from their hateful work in the very midst of a conquered people.

Since the war ended we know something of his Federal service and career. The gentleman from Iowa [Mr. Kasson] has truly given us some rare sentences of fidelity to the Union. One sentence he did not quote, which I well remember: "This is our father's house. We have returned to it—to stay!" In hope and despair; in and out of his party, in his place of business, in the forum of his love, the bar, and outside upon the platform, the same heroic altitude he illustrated to the end gave him power to combat the enemies of local and constitutional liberty. No weakness called on him for championship that he did not respond. His State was lifted up out of the reconstruction mire into the life and vigor of a new birth under the impulses of his eloquence. He gave her beauty for ashes. Under his magic wand a new Atlantis—such as Bacon loved to picture—arose above the tide of desolation; and a new Atlanta, with its goblin of steam and its energies, was recreated under the ribs of death. Matchless in his winged words and fear-

less in his consummate bravery, he stopped at no post of trust until he became the foremost Georgian at this Federal center; and in the flower of his genius he laid down his eventful life with a Christian resignation and devotion only next to that of the martyred Polycarp.

I doubt, Mr. Speaker, if ever man suffered in the flesh as this man. It would not be fitting here to describe the details of that mortal malady and those surgical agonies that racked him so long and so terribly. He perished day by day, hopelessly perishing with a pain which only his Christian fortitude relieved. Out of his torture at length came deliverance; and in the middle of August last his courage yielded, but yielded only to death.

When the great Frenchman Gambetta was agonized by his disease he cried out, "It is useless to dissemble. I welcome death as a relief." This was the end of one of Plutarchian mold; but it was not the end of our beloved American statesman. Amid the tender farewells of his wife and family, with a patience sanctified on high and a faith which "endured as seeing Him who is invisible," this more than classic hero, this gentle follower of the meek and lowly One, sought consolation, courage, and hope in his faith. His last words, as given to his pastor, and repeated by my friends from Virginia [Mr. Tucker] and from Texas [Mr. Wellborn], were, "Almost home."

It is an illustration of the sympathy and loving kindness which make the comforts of home so tender and eloquent that two gentlemen have most touchingly referred to these last words. But to me they have a double, almost personal, meaning.

I remember after the war, with a tenderness all too gentle for words, the first greetings I received from this Senator. He was pleased that I had aided to defeat, by a speech based on the constitutional clause as to attainder of treason, the attempt to take more than the life estate, *i. e.*, the fee-simple, which belonged to the in-

nocent children of the South. I had, he said, thought of the future homes of the South. That was our first bond of friendship.

Home! best of all solaces, without whose social benignities and affectionate sweetness all the learning, eloquence, wit, lore, and renown of men fade away. His own sweet home! In the midst of his own beloved circle, the immortal spirit looked to that home beyond in the mansion not made with hands. Yes! oh, yes! he was almost there—his heavenly home—where pain no longer tortures, where the world has no temptation and the grave no terror, where, with the loved ones gone before and the loved ones to follow, he would join in the song of the Lamb forever!

In conclusion: It remains for us that we should so live that we be neither surprised, nor leave our duties imperfect, nor our sins uncanceled, nor our persons unreconciled, nor God unappeased; but that when we descend to our graves we may rest in the bosom of the Lord till the mansions be prepared, where we will sing and feast eternally. Amen! *Te Deum laudamus.*

This would be the language of our departed friend from his home above, as it is the admonition of sweet Jeremy Taylor in his "Holy Living and Dying." It comes from beyond the tomb.

To the dead he sayeth, Arise!
To the living, Follow Me!
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone,
To the centuries that shall be.

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